

This Week

MAGAZINE

Democratic  Chronicle

MAGAZINE SECTION

OCTOBER 3 1948

**SPORTSWRITER
GETS BATTERED**

Bob Deindorfer sent challenges to Nancy Chaffee (right) and these other champs. From a hospital he tells what happened

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HAL NEWHOUSER,
Pitcher



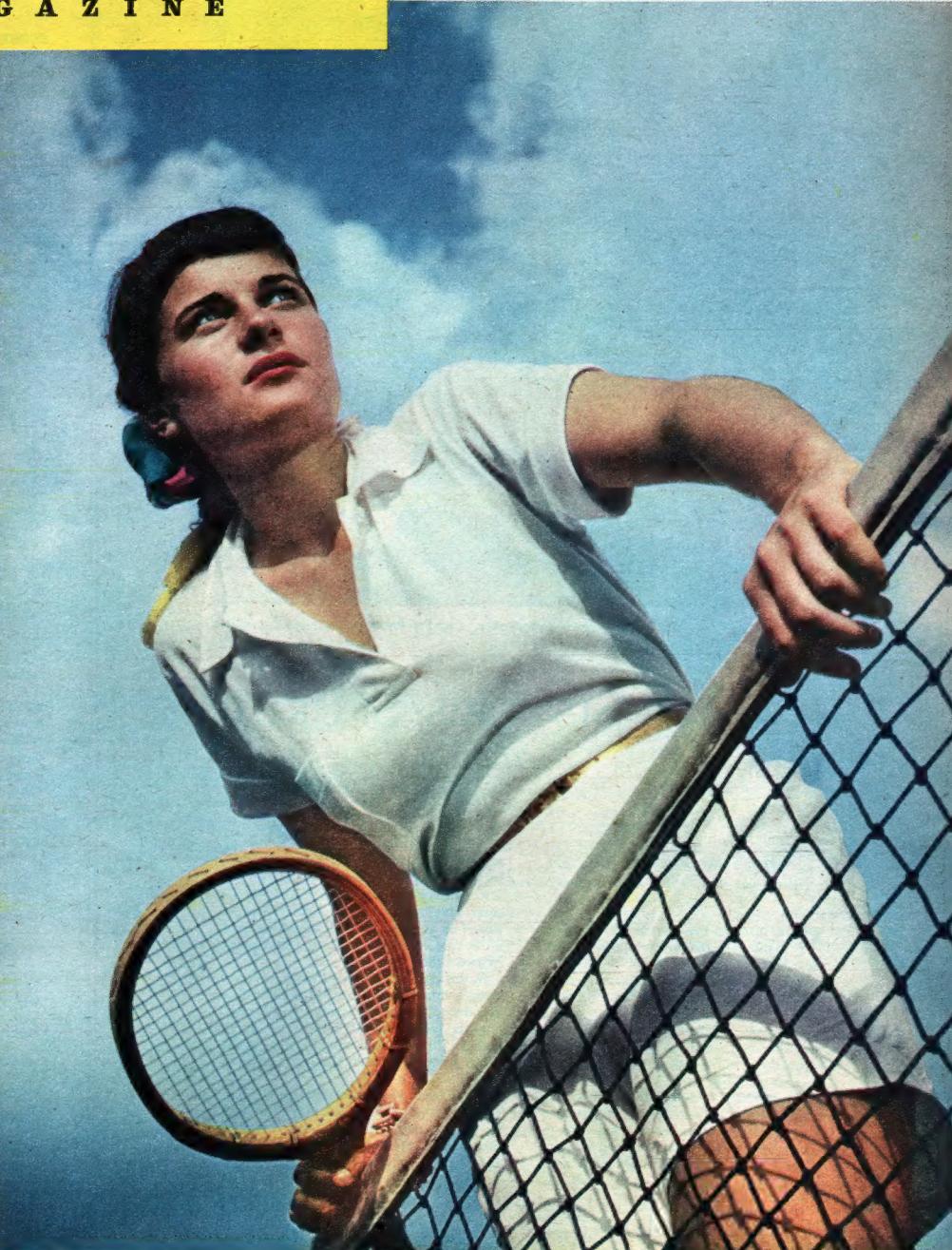
PRIMO CARNERA,
Wrestler



SPEC SANDERS.
Halfback



JOE LOUIS,
Boxer



WHY YOU WON'T SELL APPLES IN 1949

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"My curiosity grew unbearable. I had to know"



MY SISTER'S SECRET

by Helena Kuo

Author of "Pee Come a Long Way" and "Giants of China"

"NEITHER talk of other people's shortcomings nor refer to your own excellence."

WHO first said these words I do not know to this day. But how I came to discover them is still vivid in my mind.

When I was a little girl I shared a room with my elder sister in our big home in China. Each of us had an old-fashioned Chippendale writing desk. Underneath the sloping top were cunningly contrived drawers and compartments where a little girl could hide her precious treasures.

I knew what I had in mine. But always I wondered what my sister stored in hers. She never opened her desk when I was around. My curiosity grew unbearable. I had to know.

One day my sister left the key in her desk

while she went to another room. Quickly, with fast-beating heart, I raised the top. There, penned in my sister's bold, serene hand, were these words, on a sheet of paper pasted on the inside. They stared me right in the face. In the years since, I have never forgotten them.

In this publicity-conscious world, modesty seems a virtue difficult to maintain. But whoever first said these words was wise. No man, however great, can set himself up as an example for all. And what honest person would want to ridicule the incapacities of others?

For at heart, we all know our imperfections. Is it not better, therefore, to strive constantly for self-improvement, rather than to waste time talking of other people's shortcomings and referring to our own excellence?

Sidelines

SCORE: The World Series will probably produce no ball game more tightly played than the one a friend of ours ran across in the Ozarks. Pausing to watch two teams of mountain boys battle on a rustic, rock-strewn diamond, our friend was moved to ask an onlooker the score. "It's nary to nary in the seventh inning," he was told, "with us'uns to bat."

CONCLUSION-JUMPERS: This is a complicated story involving a friend of ours who shall be named A. Recently A took his wife, a pretty blonde, with him on a trip to Atlantic City. While dining with her at a boardwalk restaurant, he spotted a business acquaintance — a sober fellow named B — at another

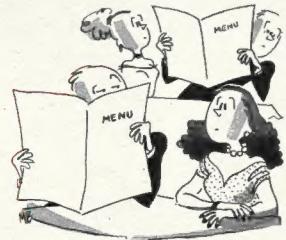


table with a flashy redhead. "The rascal!" A exclaimed. "Look at him there, squirming and avoiding my eye." Not until last week did A discover that the flashy redhead was B's wife. And that B was embarrassed at surprising A with a pretty blonde.

STYLE NOTE: Maroon-colored automobiles may now be shipped to Japan. And when couldn't they? Why, before the war. In those days, maroon was reserved exclusively for the Imperial family. No loyal subject would think of riding in a car that color, and a diplomatic foreigner would think twice before he did. Now maroon could mean a businessman from Peoria, without a drop of royal blood.

This Week Magazine

FOR A BETTER AMERICA

WILLIAM L. NICHOLS, Editor

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Cover by Hy Peskin

Names and descriptions of characters in fiction stories and articles are entirely fictitious and wholly imaginary. Any name which happens to be the same as that of any person, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

2,336 People Will Win PRIZES in

Palmolive Soap's **\$67,000.**

Treasure Chest

GRAND PRIZE

\$100 A MONTH FOR LIFE!

(OR \$25,000 IN ONE LUMP SUM)



10 1949 FORDS

8-Cylinder 4-Door Sedans
Newest cars on the road



25 WESTINGHOUSE LAUNDROMATS

Automatically wash, rinse, "damp-dry"



50 FROMM SILVER FOX SCARVES

Each with a famous Fromm
Blue Ribbon pedigree



**250 TOASTMASTER Automatic
Pop-Up Toasters**

Give perfect toast every time



2,000 OTHER PRIZES

Each—a valuable "Treasure Chest" of
famous Colgate-Palmolive-Peet products

Thrilling Prizes Offered to Introduce You to
Palmolive—for a lovelier complexion

Use Palmolive Soap as doctors advised! Yes, 36 doctors ... leading skin specialists ... advised the Palmolive Plan for 1,285 women with all types of skin. Dry? Oily? Normal! And proved Palmolive used this way could bring fresher, brighter skin to 2 out of 3—regardless of age, skin type,

or previous beauty care! Just wash your face with Palmolive Soap, massaging for one minute with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. This cleansing massage brings your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect. Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. That's all! Get Palmolive today.



IT'S EASY! JUST COMPLETE
THE LAST LINE IN THIS JINGLE:
A FRESHER, BRIGHTER LOOKING SKIN
IS SOMETHING I WOULD LIKE TO WIN.
I'LL GET PALMOLIVE SOAP TODAY

A fresher, brighter looking skin
Is something I would like to win—
I'll get Palmolive Soap today
To gently cleanse my cares away!
Or
And bear my boy friend about
"Hooray!"

These are just examples. You can probably think of a much better last line yourself, rhyming with "Today." But first read the official rules below. Then complete your entry and send it in right away, before this exciting contest closes. You may be the fortunate winner of \$100 a month for life—or one of the 2,335 other prizes!

Yes, there are 2,336 prizes in all waiting for you in the big Palmolive "Treasure Chest"—simply because the makers of Palmolive Soap want you to discover the proved Palmolive way to a lovelier complexion. Just finish the last line of the jingle something like this:

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES!

ENTER EARLY! ENTER OFTEN!

1. Complete the last line of the Palmolive jingle in your own words, rhyming with "Today." Write your name, address, and the name of your dealer's or on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Be sure to print your name and address clearly, also your dealer's name and address.
2. Mail to Palmolive Soap, Box 93, New York 8, N. Y. You may enter the contest as often as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by the black bar of one Regular cake and one Bath Size cake of Palmolive Soap.
3. Contest closes November 20, 1948, and entries must be postmarked before midnight, November 20. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete list of winners will be sent to each contestant who encloses self-addressed envelope.
4. 2,336 prizes worth over \$67,000 will be awarded as follows: Grand Prize, \$100 a month for life, provided by an annuity policy

ENTER NOW! ENTER OFTEN! CONTEST CLOSES NOVEMBER 20, 1948

paid for by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. (or \$25,000 in one lump sum). Next 10 prizes: 1949 Ford 8-cylinder 4-Door Sedans; next 25 prizes: Westinghouse Laundromats; next 50 prizes: Fromm Silver Fox Scarves; next 250 prizes: Toastmaster Automatic Pop-Up Toasters; next 2,000 prizes: "Treasure Chests" of famous Colgate-Palmolive-Peet products.

5. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelly Corporation on the basis of originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought—no consideration given to fancy entries. The judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and address therein become the property of Colgate-Palmolive Co.

6. Any resident of the continental United States may compete except employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State and local laws and regulations.

SENSATIONAL \$32,000. CONTEST

ALL CASH PRIZES • NOTHING BUT MONEY!

Offered by

EVERSHARP-SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR...

FIRST PRIZE
\$10,000 CASH

SECOND PRIZE
\$5,000 CASH

AND 1,067
ADDITIONAL
CASH PRIZES!

Next 3 Prizes \$1000 each
Next 4 Prizes \$500 each | Next 100 Prizes \$25 each
Next 10 Prizes \$100 each | Next 300 Prizes \$10 each
Next 50 Prizes \$50 each | Next 600 Prizes \$5 each

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Complete this statement: "I like the EVERSHARP-SCHICK Injector Razor best because . . ." Print on a separate sheet of paper. Write on one side of a sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address. Enter as often as you wish. Each entry must be the original work of the entrant and submitted in his or her own name. Joint entries are not acceptable.

2. Mail your entries to: EVERSHARP Contest, P. O. Box 86, New York, N.Y.

With each entry enclose printed instruction sheet (the sheet showing how to use the razor) which comes with the New SCHICK "66", the EVERSHARP-SCHICK Fashion Razor or the EVERSHARP-SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR.

3. Any resident of continental United States or Canada may compete except employees of EVERSHARP, their advertising and publicity agencies and their

families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State, local and Dominion regulations.

4. Contest starts September 19th; closes midnight November 5th in New York. All entries must be received not later than midnight Nov. 5th, 1948. Grand prize winner will be announced over radio stations WOR, WNEW, "Take It Or Leave It" and "Stop the Music".

Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought by the independent judging staff of the H. H. Harrelsey Corp. Judges decision will be final. Duplicate entries will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of EVERSHARP.

All winners will be notified by mail or telegram. Winners lists will be available on request to contestants who send in stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Just buy the new, amazingly low-priced SCHICK "66". Then finish this statement in 25 words or less: "I like the EVERSHARP-SCHICK Injector Razor best because . . ." Ever hear of anything simpler? And you'll find that sentence doubly easy to write once you've tried the SCHICK "66". It gives the same superb shaves as higher-priced models . . . has the same superb shaving action. And, by the way, you can enter the contest not only by buying the SCHICK "66", but by buying any EVERSHARP-SCHICK Razor. You see . . .

AMAZINGLY EASY TO ENTER — AND WIN!

INSTRUCTION SHEET FROM ANY EVERSHARP-SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR IS YOUR KEY TO BIG MONEY PRIZES! All have EVERSHARP-SCHICK's exclusive Automatic Blade Changer. Just push-pull-click-click! Change blades that quick! All come with revolutionary new, improved STRONED® blades. So, if you prefer, buy the de luxe EVERSHARP-SCHICK \$1.25 model—heavily gold-plated and handsomely packaged—with 20 STRONED® blades . . . or the ladies' FASHION RAZOR. But, no matter which model you buy, ACT TODAY—before you forget. Contest closes November 5th!

LADIES, TOO CAN WIN!
BUY A FASHION RAZOR!
Beautifully designed—
only \$3.95— with 10 STRONED® blades.
Or—if you prefer—buy a man's razor
as a gift for husband or sweetheart.
But be sure to get your
entry in—today!

The're
STRONED!

*Not just honed, but each blade
both stropped and honed . . .
stropped on 30 feet of leather.

EVERSHARP-SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

WHY YOU WON'T SELL APPLES IN 1949

by Fritz Sternberg

Stalin's fondest hope has been that the U. S. will have another crash. But this economist says the joke is on Uncle Joe. His own tactics will save us from depression for a long time

LATE last year a Soviet economist named Eugene Varga lost his job. As director of the Russian Institute of World Economics and World Politics he had predicted that America would not necessarily suffer a severe depression immediately after the war.

Worse than that, he asserted that after overcoming certain transitional difficulties the United States could enjoy many years of prosperity. An immediate postwar depression was possible, he said, but not likely.

For this cheery forecast of good health to a former ally, Varga received little thanks in Moscow. "Pravda" thundered "Heresy!" The magazine "Bolshevik" intoned that Varga had been found "completely in error" and warned him to return to his Marx and Lenin. Varga's Institute was folded back into the Soviet Academy of Sciences so neatly only a trace remained.

Varga, it should be understood, was no pipsqueak crystal-gazer. For years he had been highly regarded both in and out of the Soviet Union as an analyst of capitalism. In 1945 he had been one of the leading members of the Russian delegation at the Potsdam conference.

Why the violent attacks against his neighborly optimism? There were two reasons: First, the "classical" Russian economists who followed the writings of Marx and Lenin

more closely than Varga could quote chapter and verse to prove the inevitability of an American depression; second, Russia's foreign policy had been based on exactly that assumption.

For more than a year now, the men in the Kremlin have been waiting patiently for the crisis Marx had promised them. The main reason that crash never came presents one of the ironies of twentieth-century politics.

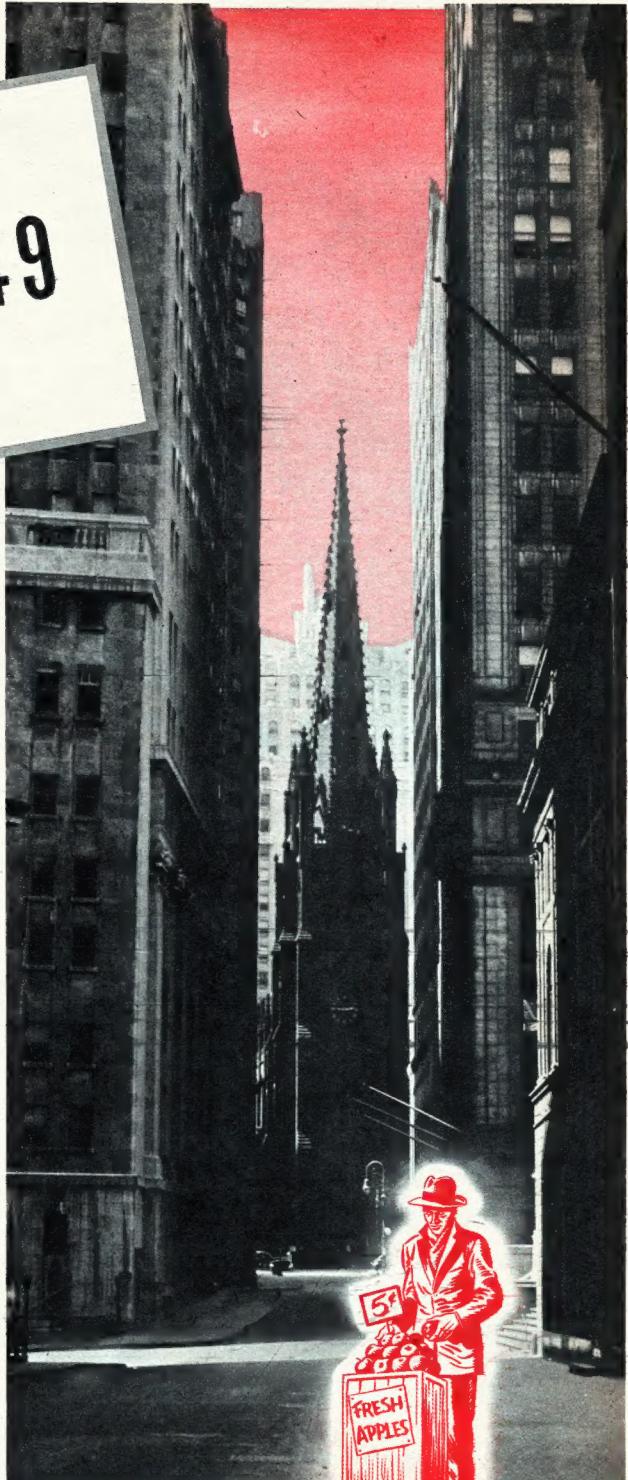
To begin with, the Politburo had it all figured out: in 1929, American production and productive capacity had increased to a point where they far exceeded the buying power of the consuming public. The top-heavy stock market fell with a tremendous crash and the United States suffered the worst depression in its history.

Another Nose Dive

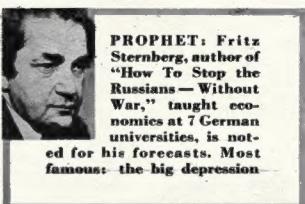
By 1933 production had shrunk to barely half the pre-crash level and unemployment figures reached 15,000,000. Even when the war began in Europe, America had by no means climbed out of the hole. There were still 8,000,000 unemployed, and production — which had been creeping up from the 1933 low — took another nose dive.

But with the beginning of the war in Europe came Lend-Lease. Production figures began to climb. Markets opened up faster than new production goals could be met. By the time our participation in the war had reached its height, America's production and productive capacity had climbed to a point 50 per cent higher than 1929, the previous peak year.

Over half of that production, however, was for the war effort. The military budget for the last year of the war was over 80 billion dollars. And the Russians remembered that America had entered the war with a productive apparatus which failed to take full advantage



WALL STREET: Remember 1929?



PROPHET: Fritz Sternberg, author of "How To Stop the Russians - Without War," taught economics at 7 German universities, is noted for his forecasts. Most famous: the big depression

Continued on page 28

"Fire her," demanded a Harden House guest. But how could Mr. Murphy fire a chambermaid who was known as

"THE PRESIDENT'S



"Are you spying on me,
too?" the girl demanded

GIRL FRIEND"

BY JOSEPH HARRINGTON

Illustrated by Arthur Sarnoff

A Short Story

ONCE a bright young efficiency expert saw Mary, white-haired and rheumatic now, hobbling through a Harden House corridor in her neat gray chambermaid's uniform. Recovering from his shock, he said, "Holy cow! No wonder business is dropping off. Get rid of her!"

Mr. Murphy, the assistant manager, involuntarily protested: "But — that's the President's girl friend."

"That?" The efficiency man indicated a strong suspicion that Mr. Murphy was balmy.

So Mr. Murphy told him about it, beginning with the day twenty-seven years ago, when the Harden House was new and Mary still wore some of the roses of Cork in her cheeks. The day she walked into the best suite, with dusting cloth and carpet sweeper, and four men, sitting around a table in a haze of cigar smoke, stopped talking.

There was a moment's deep, utter silence. Then one of the men, a silver-haired, florid person of great dignity, said, "That's Mary, gentlemen. We can trust Mary. Let's continue."

And the conversation started again while Mary buried herself with cigar ashes on the lovely Chinese rug. Her head was swimming. We can trust Mary — that's what the President said of her, Mary Houlihan.

He was a gentleman, this President. He always left a five-dollar bill for her, under the ashtray, on the night table by the bed. Very much a gentleman! Once when he returned to the White House she wrote him that if he ever ran again she was going to vote for him and was doing all in her power to have her friends do so.

Back came a letter headed The White House, Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Houlihan:

Thank you ever so much for your warm expressions. I only wish I had more friends like you. Cordially . . .

AND the signature wasn't a rubber stamp or a metal plate, either. It was real. There were two small blots to prove it. Other employees who troubled to write got neat, mimeographed acknowledgments, with only their names and addresses typed. But Mary's was a real personal letter, clearly dictated by the President himself and typed especially for Mary.

She showed it around proudly. Employees and guests said that she must be one of the President's girl friends, and there was no dog like an old dog. This made Mary indignant, in a pleased sort of way.

What Mary didn't know — or any of the others — was that one of the President's secretaries noted the Harden House stationery — which Mary had used thrifly since it was

go golfing or not; when her bones ached, it meant a storm was coming. When her bones didn't ache, even though it was raining at the moment, he could drive out to his country club, knowing it would be clear by the time he got there.

Fortunately, too, Mrs. Van Slyke, in 918, complained. This new chambermaid, she said, just went snap-snap with a vacuum cleaner for a few seconds; she spent hardly a second or two making the beds. And then she was off. Was that Harden House service? Was it?

As a matter of fact, the new chambermaid was more thorough. But, to Mrs. Van Slyke, the rheumatic creaking of joints, the labored breathing, the slow, anguished poking under beds, indicated a thorough cleaning.

So, two hours after the efficiency man had gone, Mary went back to the ninth floor, creaking, asthmatic and happy . . .

Mrs. W. Latimer Lee arrived, with her daughter, Phyllis, at the Harden House at four-thirty on a September afternoon. Mrs. Lee had devoted the last twelve years of her life and a good deal of her tremendous income to the aid of the poor, the aged, the crippled, the orphans, and the misguided. Phyllis had devoted these same twelve years to a succession of excellent boarding schools, to a succession of expensive sports, skiing in summer and swimming in winter, to a succession of young men who came dashing into her life like errant snow petals and vanished as though she was a hot stove. At eighteen she had gorged breath refreshers by the gallon. At nineteen, for three months, she bathed twice a day and used incredible quantities of deodorants. At twenty she grew up enough to know it wasn't her teeth, her legs, or her clothes that was the cause of bright snowflakes melting away in a quick sizzle. At twenty-three her gray-eyed, superbly-groomed prettiness was almost lost behind a mask of petulant frustration.

At twenty-three she was annoyed, atrociously mannered, and particularly vindictive toward servants, which last particularly grieved her mother, who believed firmly that

servants should always be treated as equals.

At five-fifteen on that same September afternoon, Mary arrived at the suite called 9A two hours late, with the bath towels and the miniature cakes of perfumed soap. She rapped and was invited by a polite voice to enter.

She opened the door and said, courteously, "Afternoon. Got just a few more things to do."

Mrs. Lee, the owner of the polite voice, said, "Go right ahead," kindly, taking in Mary's white hair, the rheumatic hobble. The sulky girl in the easy chair hardly glanced up from her fashion magazine.

"Storm coming up," Mary chattered, affably, moving toward the bathroom. "Feel it in my bones."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Lee looked sympathetic. "Do your bones bother you, my dear?"

"Terrible," said Mary, and stopped. Mary was always glad to talk about her bones, which were troublesome and very important. "Days like this, I can hardly walk, I got —"

"How old are you?"

"Fifty-eight," said Mary, lying in her false teeth, by a good nine years. "I got —"

"Should you be doing this hard work?"

Happily, "No, I shouldn't," Mary said. "Doctor Finger — he's the hotel doctor, but he treats me free — he says I ought to take it easy on account I got —"

"How long have you worked here?"

"Nearly thirty years. Only two years ago it come on bad, this —"

"Won't the hotel give you a decent pension?" demanded Mrs. Lee, indignantly. "I happen to know Mr. Boardman, the manager, very well. If he doesn't see fit to pension off employees after thirty long years of faithful service, I'll — I'll take my patronage elsewhere."

"PENSION?" asked Mary, confusedly. She wanted to talk about her bones, her aches and pains, and all this was very distracting. "What I got —"

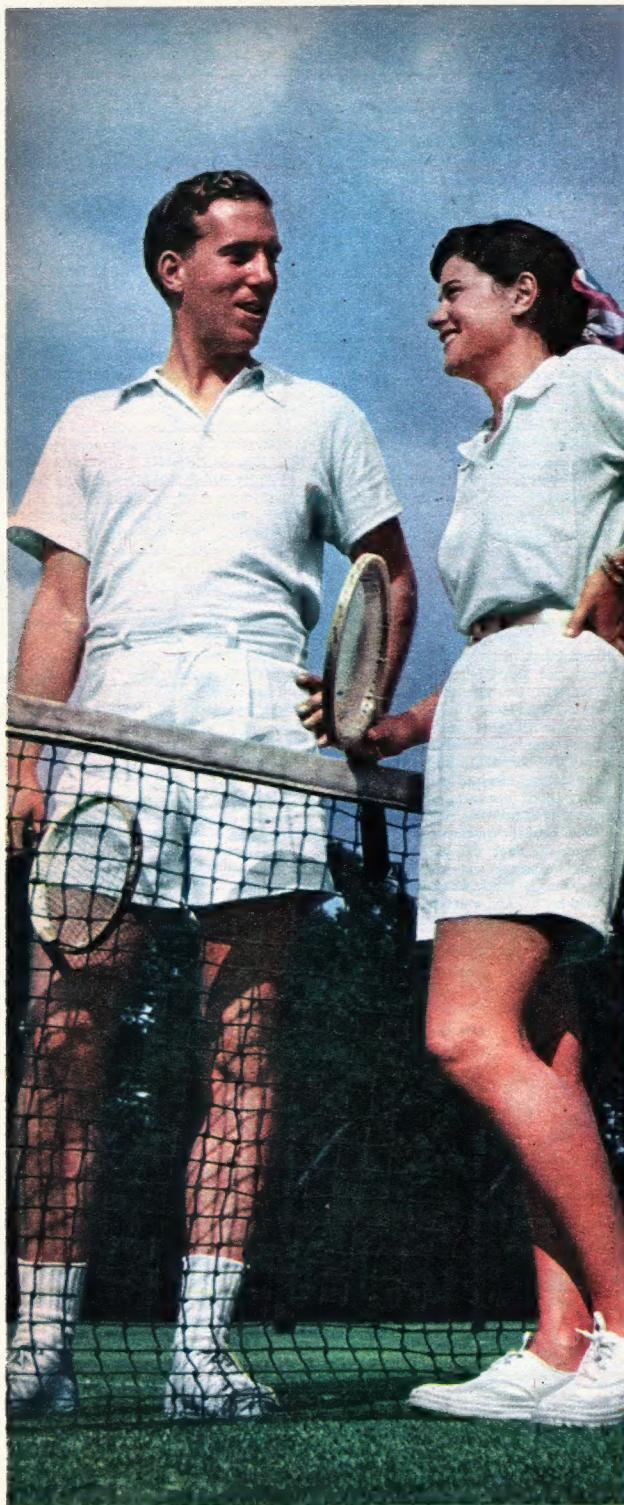
The sulky girl slammed her magazine on the floor. "You've got towels and soap, haven't you?" she snapped. "Suppose you put them where they belong!"

"Phyllis!" said her mother, gently. "You shouldn't talk that way to a — ah —"

"Mary's my name," said Mary. She was looking with gentle disapproval on the girl, who was now reaching with a shaky hand for a packet of cigarettes.

Continued on page 29





TENNIS QUEEN. Bob missed one of Nancy's lobs — the ball hit him in the eye



JOE LOUIS all but unhinged his jaw with a hard right. "I didn't

"I TACKLED THE

It may look easy from the grandstand, but here's what happened to a brave sportswriter who challenged five champions and writes about it — from his bed in a hospital . . .

Photographs by Hy Peskin

"TAKE that guy out! I could do better myself!" How often have you heard those words from the fan sitting next to you at the ball park, at a football game, at a prize fight? How often have you thought them yourself?

There's nothing wrong with this attitude, for as long as fans are required to buy tickets they should be entitled to brag about what they would do if they could get in there with the champ. But what if they got the chance? What if somebody called their bluff?

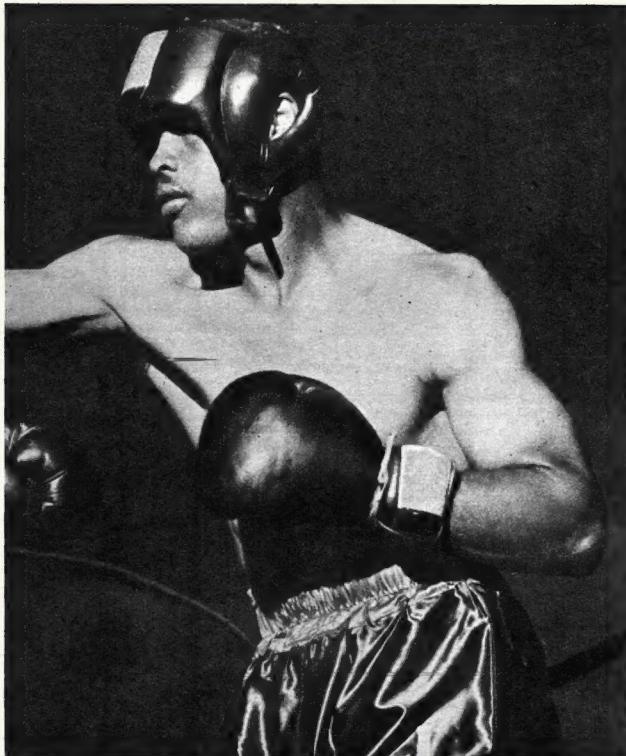
I know what would happen. I tried it. Joe Louis hammered a bump on my nose, unhinged my jaw and cut open my mouth; Primo Carnera gave me head pains and a big purple bruise; Hal Newhouse sponsored a three-day Charley horse in my calf; Spec Sanders stomped a raw cleat mark on my

thigh, and Nancy Chaffee tricked me into dislocating my knee with a tennis racket.

Only certified champions were allowed to bruise my hide and pride. Louis is, of course, an undisputed champion (or was until he retired recently) and Nancy Chaffee won the national girls' tennis title last year.

Now It's Unanimous

THERE may be some argument over Carnera, but certainly the scowling 275-pound giant is the best known of all the large hairy men who claim the world's wrestling crown. Football and baseball? Sanders, the New York Yankee tailback, is the best ball-carrier in professional football, while Newhouse, the big, blond Detroit Tiger ace, generally is ranked the best southpaw pitcher in baseball. The records support both men. And what's



hear anything... I stood stiff-legged... my head was light"

CHAMPS"

by Bob Deindorfer

more, I am now supporting the records. I stood in the batter's box, my feet spread and a big yellow bat gripped tightly in my hands. Hal Newhouser went into his swing. The program says Hal is six-feet two, 175 pounds—and baseball law places the pitcher's mound 60 feet from the home plate. I know better than that. Newhouser is a giant with a left arm nine feet long, and at the end of his pitch he was close enough to shake hands.

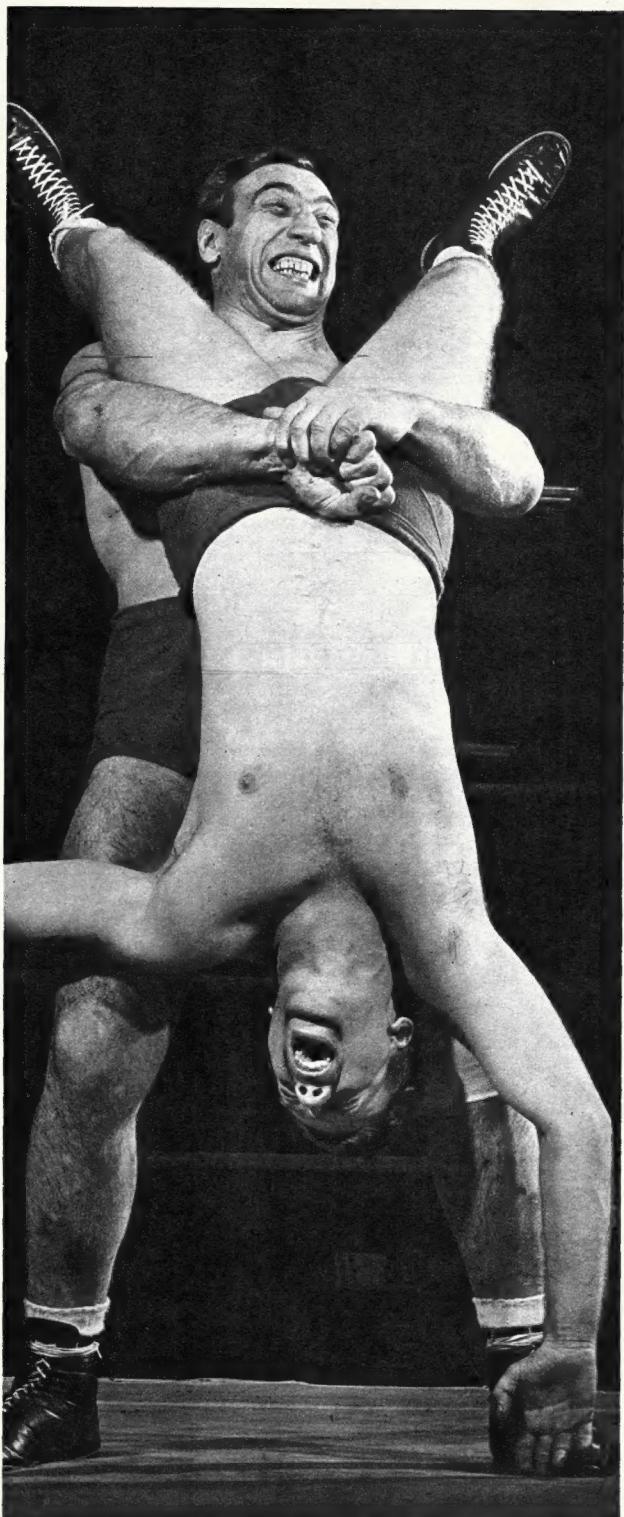
His fast ball grew smaller as it blazed toward the plate. I swung hard, heard the ball spank into the catcher's glove.

Newhouser grinned. "Fast enough?" he asked. I tapped the bat on the plate and dug in. He went into a windup of arms and legs and let it go. Another fast ball? This time I was set for it. But—the ball floated toward the plate. It didn't even revolve. It came at a bewitchingly slow speed. I brought the bat around and at the same instant the ball fluttered and jumped slightly. My bat grazed it and it went spinning back into the net.

"Some knuckle ball, eh?" the catcher asked. The grin on Newhouser's face threatened to

Continued on next page

WRITER BOB DEINDORFER, the battered young man at right, submitted the strangest expense account THIS WEEK ever saw. A few of the items seemed well worth printing: "X-rays, nose (Louis), \$10. Doctor, nose (Louis), \$5. Dentist, loose teeth and mouth cuts (Louis), \$15. Chiropractor, strained back (Carnera), \$15. Doctor, cleat welt (Sanders), \$5. Liniment, Charley horse (Newhouser), \$1.75. Adhesive tape, 50 cents."



BIG JOKE to Carnera, but the writer howls for help—all he got was more lumps

"I TACKLED THE CHAMPS"

Continued from preceding page

grew into a laugh. His next pitch looked slow and easy. I blinked as I watched it come down. It seemed to sweep away from me 20 feet from the plate. I pushed my bat out and the ball curved by the end of it, still breaking. I remembered a magazine article I once read that claimed a curve is nothing more than an optical illusion.

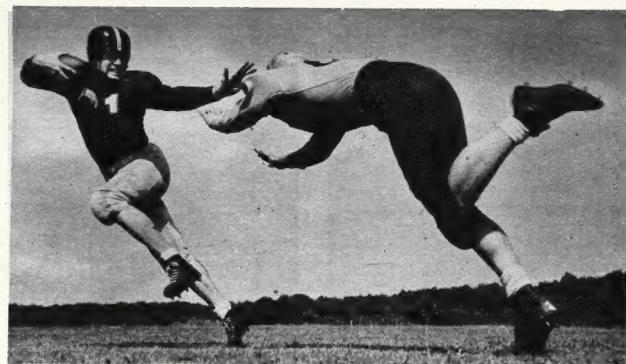
For the next pitch, I decided to crowd the plate. If it was a curve I'd be able to reach out and sock it, I thought. "You're too close," the catcher muttered. Down came the pitch and as I swung the ball ripped toward me, down. It spanked the calf muscle of my right leg and I limped away from the plate.

Inside the locker room the trainer applied alcohol to my leg. I asked Newhouse what my weakness was as a hitter. He laughed and answered, "Fast ball, slow ball, curve — and can you think of any others?"

The Battle of the Century

THAT Charley horse was only the first of a long series of ailments. The most painful of them all occurred in a neat little gymnasium on 116th Street in New York City. That was the scene of Joe Louis's easiest fight.

Coley Wallace, a Golden Gloves heavy-



SPEC SANDERS shifted gears and "all I got was a handful of air"

weight champion who served as my trainer, helped me into my equipment. He laced on heavy 16-ounce gloves, pulled a leather headguard over my head and slapped a rubber mouthpiece in place.

Then Louis came into the ring. Deadpanned, he walked slowly toward the center. I thought of Schmeling and Baer and Galento and Conn and Walcott and my arms felt numb. Louis held his gloves together, then

spread them out. "Ready?" he asked.

I tried to move but my legs wouldn't work. Joe flicked his left toward me. It was short. He jabbed again and my mouth stung. My eyes blinked shut. I saw his right hand come over, but I couldn't do a thing. It hit my nose and it smarted.

Suddenly I was not conscious of the people who were watching. I heard Wallace shouting, "Keep your left out," but his voice was

blurred and it sounded as though he was yelling down a rainpipe. I reached out with my right hand to punch Louis. He nearly snapped my wrist, blocking it.

Joe's left hand ripped at the side of my head. It cracked back and forth, six or eight times, and my head jiggled with it. Now my head ached and I watched the ring ropes around us vibrate.

It's All Over Now

MY EYES were wet and smarting but through them I saw Louis move his right hand again. It cracked against my nose, an easy target, and my eyes closed. I didn't hear anything now as I stood, stiff-legged. There were other punches. My head was light. The figure of Louis spun into view again. I saw him pull back his left hand, then drop his gloves. He grinned and said, "All over now." I had been in the ring just three minutes.

Wallace helped me through the ropes and into the dressing room. He unplaced my gloves and I put my hands to my face. They came away sticky with blood. I looked into a cracked mirror. My lips were puffy and red and my nose was thickened at its base. I couldn't breathe through the right nostril. And my head still ached. Wallace helped me into the shower and I felt a little better.

Later that day a dentist patched up several cuts inside my mouth. A doctor X-rayed my nose, discovered the cartilage had been bent

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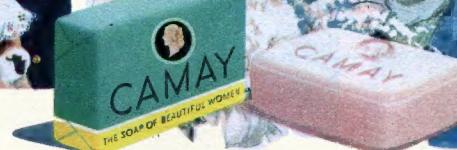
ABOUT ENSIGN AND MRS. OGILVIE—



It all began at an Annapolis hop. It was love at first dance. Charles couldn't resist Betty's beautiful complexion. "My very first cake of Camay made my skin softer and smoother," says she.



At Coney Island—on their first trip to New York—Betty and Charles won all kinds of prizes! A prize-winner for beauty too, Betty helps keep her complexion romantically lovely with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



MRS. CHARLES H. OGILVIE
the former Betty Claire Hyatt of Louisville, Ky.
bridal portrait painted by *Alex Ross*

and planned for its correction. The next day my nose and lips had turned blue.

Maybe I'd do better at football, I decided. Pads and helmets and braces are some protection. I snapped the strap of my headgear and crouched on the 20-yard line, waiting for Sanders. The big 195-pounder rushed straight toward me. He grew bigger as he ran.

When he was three strides away I lunged. I drove against him, trapped his thighs in my arms and pushed forward, just the way I'd seen it done a thousand times. But he didn't go down... Instead, I felt his legs driving up and down against my arms. One knee caught me under the chin. He pulled away from my grasp and twisted toward the sidelines.

I grabbed at him again and caught an ankle. His foot came down on my leg and he dragged me ahead. We both went down on the 10-yard line. He helped me to my feet.

"Nice going," he said. But I saw him wink at a teammate.

Ah, It's Easy

LATER he had an open field. He was rushing down the far sidelines and I ran laterally across the field to meet him. This would be easy. I'd drive him out of bounds. I slowed down, then took off in a leap. My arms were out, reaching for him, but they didn't touch. Sanders stopped completely. I flew past, jogged the rest of the way for the touchdown. I wound up with a handful of sky, a mouthful of grass—and two more bruises.

"Let's get showered and go have some ice cream," Sanders suggested.

"It's a fake!" I have yelled that many times at wrestling shows. But that was before I climbed into the ring with a toothy giant named Carnera. Primo and I stood in the center of the mat. I jumped toward his legs and grabbed a knee. I'd seen this grip. Bend the knee and double it back. I pulled at it and I tugged. The knee wouldn't bend.

Above me, Carnera roared with laughter. Then suddenly a huge hand slapped against my side. Another grabbed my ankle. I was picked up, jostled twice and then heaved skyward. The ringside seats slowly began to whirl as we swung through an airplane spin. My arms flapped foolishly.

A moment later I was slammed to the mat. I shook my head, got to one knee and pulled at my right hand. It felt as though

it was asleep. Staggering a little, I stood up and turned to look for Carnera. Suddenly my neck was caught in a vice of muscle. I was behind him, now, and he had both arms bent around my neck. I kicked at his leg before I felt his arms tighten. He pulled me up over his shoulder and I fell to the canvas on the back of my head. I rose and carefully walked into a ring post.

Hey, Let Go!

"MORE," Primo laughed. He caught me from behind and a huge arm tightened around my neck. My throat ached, I gasped for breath. My mouth was open and my tongue, thick and dry, hit against the roof of my mouth. My eyes burned. Desperately,

I flailed his side with my right hand. He relaxed his grip—just in time, I figured.

After that I considered a sport involving fewer muscles. Certainly I could beat a girl. I scheduled a tennis match against Nancy Chaffee. Nancy is a charming girl, poised and intelligent. She should be back in her sorority house playing bridge, I thought—and then she smacked her first service.

It skimmed over the net, bounced and skipped off to my right. A clean ace.

She smiled sweetly. "I'll never do it again." She missed her next serve and the second came over slowly. I smashed it deep and fled to backcourt, awaiting her drive. She chopped a lazy shot just over the net.

It Was Murder

I RACED forward, reached out my racket and barely hit it—into the net. She did the same thing on the next shot and I sprawled out on the court. The score began to climb: 15, 30, 40, game; 15, 30, 40, game.

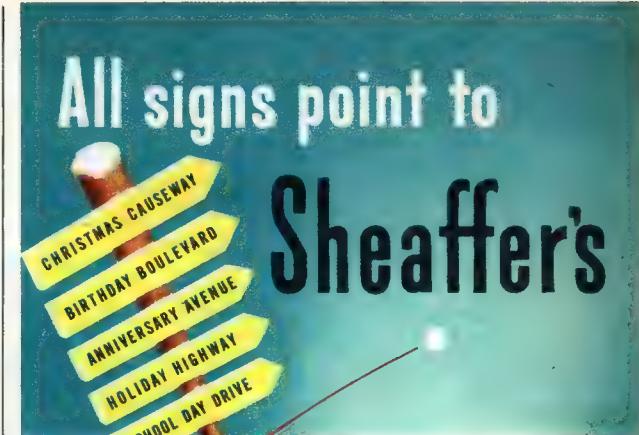
Winded and dejected, I rushed toward the net. She watched me and raised a high lob. All afternoon I had longed for just such a chance. I forgot my sore feet, my gimpy leg and gaspy breathing. I pulled back my racket and swung.

My friends are ordered to forget that episode. I missed the ball and it landed on my right eye. The racket swung down and hit my knee. And from the other side of the net came the voice of my opponent, "Nice try," followed by a burst of laughter.

Believe me, after that experience, I wasn't able to climb back in the press box fast enough. But as soon as I get out of the hospital, I will! *The End*



NEWHouser tossed up a curve, Bob swung. Result: one Charley horse



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LOOK HOMeward, DUSTY

by Gladys Taber

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

He was a born show dog who refused to believe his days
in the ring were over. Now he was forced to retire . . .



A faint hope stirred him. Surely he would not be the only one left behind!



"Get Dusty to the plane," he said . . .

HE WALKED a little stiffly because it was a damp day. His left hind leg bothered him. His muzzle had gone a little gray, as if it had been frosted. Several of his teeth were worn down, so it took him a long time to eat a dog biscuit. His eyelids drooped a trifle, although the dark eyes were still clear.

He was eight years old, a compact, deep-coated black cocker spaniel, with nobly shaped head, low sweeping ears, and the big bones from generations of fine breeding. He was listed as Champion Dusty Night of Old Rock Kennels.

His ribbons and cups and salad bowls and platters and pitchers made a nice display in the office, but some of them were getting tarnished and the color had ebbed from the purple in the rosettes. For they were old.

This morning he sat by the kennel gate, anxious, nose quivering. For the station wagon was rolled out, the show cases were being piled up and the Master was hurrying around the yard. The old routine was beginning, and Dusty lifted his head and watched and waited.

Now was the time to put him up, give him a last brush and polish, wrap his own bath towel around him, tuck him in his case. An old traveler, he would sleep while the station wagon bucketed across country.

Then the show. In anticipation, he stood up, lifting his right front paw slightly the way he did when he was excited. The show was his life, had always been his life.

That long-gone day when he went into the puppy class, the Master had trimmed him, brushed him, posed him, combed the long feathers, carried him to the edge of the ring.

"I expect a lot of you," he said.

Dusty heard the urgency in his voice, and his tail answered. In the ring, the smell of the other dogs was heady, the lights were sharp, the noise of the spectators was loud. He stood quietly, looking with that open, candid gaze at the judge, he posed rock-still, head up, the lovely hind-quarters angled just so, though it was slightly uncomfortable to have one's paws so far back that way.

And when he moved down the ring, his gait was perfect, and the excitement of the whole thing swept over him so that he wagged his tail, and his nose was proud and eager.

"A born show dog," said the Master.

LEAVING the show, wrapped in his towel, Dusty looked back. And suddenly he uttered a bark, rich with triumph. "Sure you did it," said the Master, rubbing his sleek head. "How'd you like to be a champ?"

He took his responsibilities seriously, he was a grave dog. He learned not to lower his head when he was moving down the ring, no matter what special scent might be there. He learned to stiffen a little when the judge pressed down on his hind quarters, emphasizing his solid strength. And he always came into the ring with a swift, purposeful gait, his tail whipping, eyes shining.

This was his life, the way of it, and it had always been so.

And then, one day, the Master went off and left him in the run. Half a dozen other dogs got in the station wagon and drove away barking like fools. And Dusty stayed home with a couple of twelve-week-old bitches that had to be snapped at for ear-swinging.

He watched all day at the gate. Maybe the Master had forgotten him and would come swinging up the drive and take him out.

In the end, when it was dark, he gave up and lay down with his muzzle on his paws, trying still to figure what he had done that was wrong, so he had to be punished so dreadfully.

After that day, he was never taken along on the show trips. Always he knew when the time came, and pranced to the gate, and bounded up against it. He used to find one of the puppy's red balls

Continued on page 31



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Homecraft Power Tools are designed (and priced) expressly for off-and-on use in the home shop. They speed up your projects, add to your pleasure, and take the work out of woodworking.

These sturdy, easy-to-use tools are built by the makers of famous Delta® Power Tools, the acknowledged leaders in accuracy, safety, and dependability. Thousands of Delta tools are used in industry, in schools—and in home shops, too. In fact, a Delta-equipped shop is usually the goal of the hobbyist who wants the finest in quality tools.

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A complete shop—all 8 tools—only \$282.45

Yes, these tools are priced within your budget! Look them over, then find the name of your dealer in the list below. Visit the store soon and pick out the tools you want...join the fun!

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etc.\$43.95
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WORLD'S GREATEST SIDESHOW



HEADS OFF — for cleaning and renovation — is first order of the day at Tussaud's. That's Tito being decapitated while Stalin looks on

Madame Tussaud's Wax Works in London is doing a rushing business. Its feature attraction is the Chamber of Horrors — a place so gruesome that no American tourist would dream of missing it!

by Lawrence and Sylvia Martin

AN AMERICAN girl back from an English vacation was asked if she had seen Westminster Abbey. "Let me see, what is that?" she asked. Reminded that it's the place where kings and geniuses are buried and have their statues, she brightened. "Oh, of course. Only they don't call it Westminster Abbey any more. It's Madame Tussaud's now."

The English may like this story as an example of American ignorance. But the truth is that among themselves as among their visitors the venerated Abbey is second in popularity to the plain red brick building in the West End where the "famous and the infamous" are immortalized in uncannily lifelike wax. In the century and a half of its existence more than a hundred million persons have passed in review Tussaud's weird wax collection of the illustrious and the damned. Current attendance averages 3,000 a day. On holidays queues four deep stretch outside its doors for a quarter of a mile, sun, rain, or smog. In blitz and out, profits have averaged \$400,000 a year.

Outwardly, Mme. Tussaud's is an unimspired three-story building. You enter a lofty, cream-tiled lobby, mount the stairs, and take a catalogue from the hand of a smiling receptionist. No use thanking her — a good third of the visitors do — for she is wax.

Tussaud's has a sense of humor. There's no place like it for studying the double-take. Five hundred life-size images sit, stand, or recline in the various galleries, and the only way you can tell flesh from wax is if it moves. You may feel sure a figure in exotic costume is phony, only to have it stalk off — some visiting potentate.

To complicate matters the guards on duty like to adopt a waxlike posture. When, to make sure, a sight-seer pokes one, it startles him by saying sternly, without turning its head, "Na, then, no more o' that please!" An English schoolgirl once jabbed Mark Twain. As he turned on her the frightened girl stammered, "Oh, Mr. C-Clemens, b-but you're alive!"

Frightened Monkey

EVEN a monkey was once fooled. It had escaped from the near-by zoo and climbed into Tussaud's through a back window. Catching sight of the wax monkey in the lap of one of Henry the Eighth's queens, it tried to attract its attention by chattering at it. Ignored, it ran up, pawed the wax monkey — and leaped back, terrified. When the keeper arrived he found a runaway only too happy to go home.

In the course of a century and a half the feeling has grown that to be waxified in Mme.

Tussaud's is the final accolade of fame or notoriety. It is news around the world when one figure is melted down to make room for another. Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn have just been junked for Greer Garson and Danny Kaye. Dempsey and Tunney were retired in the same clean-up, and their wax is now Nehru, Jinnah, and Laurence Olivier. Kings Leopold of Belgium and Peter of Yugoslavia are now completely ex.

The United States is well represented. Many of our presidents are there, dominated by Washington on a pedestal, besides such non-presidential Americans as William Penn and Benjamin Franklin. Franklin, done by the original Mme. Tussaud in 1783, is the oldest of them all.

It is in the Stage and Screen section that the U.S. makes its strongest showing with Chaplin, Mae West, Bette Davis, Mickey Rooney and Norma Shearer, besides the new Garson and Kaye. The sports gallery has Joe Louis, Don Budge, Helen Wills Moody.

Down in the Chamber of Horrors, among the 84 criminals, are two more Americans — Guiteau, who assassinated President Garfield, and Kemmler, "the first man to suffer death by electrocution in the United States."

Harry Truman is the latest addition among American statesmen, and if Tom Dewey makes good in November he will move into Tussaud's sooner than into the White House.

The waxman who has made the most trouble at Tussaud's is Hitler. As early as 1936 Communists daubed him with red paint, and paid \$160 damages for their fun. After the Dieppe raid Canadian soldiers, under the influence of something stronger than ale, drew their guns and threatened to pump Der Fuehrer full of lead. They were gently dissuaded. Our GI's kept walking off with the Iron Cross on Hitler's tunic. The museum finally had to sacrifice realism to expediency,

and Hitler was left without his most precious decoration.

Few of our GI's in England failed to visit the galleries. Their favorite was the Chamber of Horrors, where they cuddled their girls in dark corners until Tussaud's organized an anti-love patrol.

A large and dismal dungeon, the Chamber is crowded with 84 cutthroats, poisoners, executioners and victims, all meeting or administering violent death among assorted instruments of torture. Some of these exhibits are enclosed in cells of their own, reserved "for adults only." The only hostile criticism leveled at Tussaud's has been over this "Horror Hall." But the crooks draw the crowds as heavily as the illustrious.

"Here's Uncle"

AMONG the extra-interested are relatives and descendants of executed and victims. A girl on the dole was asked by a social worker where she would like to go for a treat: "Madame Tussaud's," she answered promptly. "But you were there last year," protested the social worker. "Yes, but Uncle wasn't in the Chamber of Horrors then."

Do what the management may, the rumor persists that Tussaud's has a standing offer of a fat reward to anyone who can stay the night in the Chamber without strong drink. There have been thousands of applications and many attempts at stowing away. But the only person who ever succeeded in spending the night there was a policeman who got locked up by mistake. Luckily, he had a flask of gin.

In spite of the galaxy of glamour girls and queens on the floors above, the wax First Lady of the galleries is a little old gentlewoman in a rusty cape and bonnet — stooped, wizened, bespectacled. She is Madame Marie Grosbolt Tussaud, and she turned out

Continued on page 26



MONTY: Which is real, which wax?



ELIZABETH AND PHILIP: One couple is real — can you tell live royalty when you see it?



"Golden Glory!"

...this grand, nutritious Velveeta casserole



SAVE MONEY—Remember, ounce for ounce there is no other basic food that matches cheese for high-quality complete protein . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients from milk.

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MacLaren's Imperial is the aristocrat of aged cheddars, famous in this country and Canada for 58 years! A natural cheese—rich, sharp, "crumbly"—perfect!

It's mellow as old wine! . . . this natural golden Chantelle in the gay red coat. You will like it on crackers, in sandwiches, with fruit . . . and put it proudly on your cheese tray.

For salads, sandwiches and desserts always get the cream cheese that's guaranteed fresh. It's marked Philadelphia Brand. The genuine is made only by Kraft.

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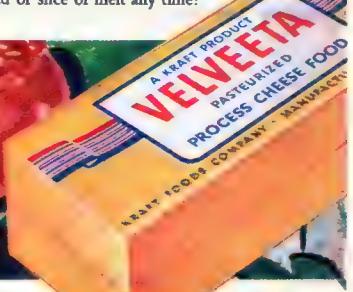


Here's how to make this Kraft Classic main dish

Cut 4 hard-cooked eggs in half lengthwise. Remove yolks, mash and combine with 4 tablespoons Kraft Mayonnaise. Season with salt and pepper and fill the whites. Cook one 8-ounce package of elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and place in a shallow casserole.

Now for the Velveeta magic! In the top of a double boiler, melt one pound of this famous cheese food (two $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. packages or half of the 2-lb. loaf). Into the melted golden Velveeta gradually stir $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk. Combine about half of that gloriously rich, smooth Velveeta sauce with the macaroni. Arrange the stuffed eggs on top and pour the remaining Velveeta sauce on the eggs. Bake 20 minutes in a moderate (350°) oven. Place the casserole on a chop plate, surround with broiled tomato halves, and treat your folks to "golden glory."

Remember that besides the grand cheese flavor, Velveeta adds high quality complete protein plus other important milk nutrients. That's why Velveeta is such a good idea for main dishes as well as for cold sandwiches and snacks. Keep plenty on hand—to spread or slice or melt any time!



THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAY

Text and Photographs by Earl Leaf



"NATIVE DANCE" doesn't always mean wild abandon and semi-nudity. These dignified Indian ladies are doing the "huiano"



YOUNG CUBANS improvise rumba variations



SMALL GAUCHO and señorita practice "el gato"



"MALAMBO" is favorite in cowboy bunkhouses

UNTAMED rhythms of Africa and Brazil form an exotic combination

EVERY *norTEAMERICANO* by now has learned to dance the samba, the rumba and the conga, but did you ever cut a rug to the malambo, the joropo or the guabina? Chances are you've never heard of them or of hundreds of other folk dances I found while collecting material for my book, "Fiesta and Fandango."

The fact is, South Americans themselves have only recently rediscovered most of their own native dances. The revival of folk dancing that began in Europe and the U.S. 10 years ago didn't reach South America till five years ago. But Brazilians, Argentines and others promptly made up for lost time, digging up more original dance rhythms from their colorful past than you could shake a hip at. Much of South American dancing has a Spanish flavor, but there have been strong Indian, Negro and other influences, too.

In several countries, folk dancing is government-sponsored; instructors are sent out to teach children dances their grandfathers knew but their fathers have forgotten.

'GLASS WAX' MAKES FALL WINDOW CLEANING EASY

Kitchens Brighter, Gayer
With Simple
"GLASS WAX" Care

The dazzling white beauty of refrigerators, ranges, sinks, and porcelain tabletops is quickly brought back by "GLASS WAX." And this same pink wonder liquid is amazingly effective on toasters, waffle-irons and all chromium-finished electrical appliances, and metal furniture.

Just as in window and silver cleaning, a single application of "GLASS WAX" does the trick. You just wipe it on—then wipe it off! Dirt disappears.

Try "GLASS WAX" on fireplace fixtures, copper pots, nickel-plated objects—it cleans 'em in seconds. No abrasives, no water—just fast, safe chemical cleaning gives the easiest, brightest results you've ever seen.

Tune in Arthur Godfrey
On "GLASS WAX"
Nationwide Radio Show!

Listen to the new Gold Seal radio program, featuring hilarious Arthur Godfrey. Broadcast Monday through Friday over 165 Columbia Broadcasting System stations, the Gold Seal show brings you the best in daytime entertainment. Check your local newspaper for program time.



Cleaning Windows With "GLASS WAX"
Is a Joy Compared to Old-Fashioned Methods

"GLASS WAX" does such a quick, work-saving job of making windowpanes clean and clear they scarcely seem to be there. Just apply a light coat of "GLASS WAX" to windows, let it dry a few seconds, then wipe it off. All 30 kinds of grime disappear

instantly—no water, scrubbing, or streaks. Just as easy, just as fast for mirrors, metalware, porcelain, and plastic surfaces too. And "GLASS WAX" leaves a crystal-clear protective film that resists smudges and fingerprints, makes next cleaning easier.

Men Find "GLASS WAX" Great
For Auto, Sport Goods Care

Take the word of thousands of men that "GLASS WAX" beats anything for keeping chrome and nickel auto trim, boat and bicycle brightwork, golf club faces and shafts, photographic equipment, home workshop equipment and trophies in tip-top shape. It's the quickest, easiest way to keep favorite equipment in brand-new, stain- and rust-free condition.

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Neighborhood stores everywhere—grocery, drug, hardware, variety and department—can supply "GLASS WAX." Ask any dealer for this marvelous Gold Seal cleaner today. If your favorite dealer does not yet carry "GLASS WAX," ask him to order it for you. Try the quart size—it's even more economical. And you'll find so many uses for "GLASS WAX" you'll be glad to have plenty on hand.

Incidentally, "GLASS WAX" is a

wonder for cleaning dingy plastic shower curtains, just as easily, just as quickly.

Gold Seal Backs "GLASS WAX"
With Money-back Guarantee

Laboratory proof of "GLASS WAX" superior quality and results enables the Gold Seal Company to guarantee satisfaction to the user. If you are dissatisfied for any reason, your dealer will gladly refund the purchase price upon receipt of the unused portion of "GLASS WAX."

Just Wipe On, Wipe Off;
Restore Hidden Brilliance

"GLASS WAX"—America's new reigning favorite for cleaning glass or metalware—today is offered in stores and shops everywhere in the nation.

Homemakers in all 48 States are praising this sensational Gold Seal chemical, joining the enthusiastic millions who have seen "GLASS WAX" work its cleaning miracles on glass, silver, chrome, brass, copper, porcelain and tile.

Quick and easy to use, "GLASS WAX" does your work in seconds—just wipe it on lightly with one cloth, off with another, 30 kinds of dirt and grime vanish as if by magic.



Silver, Chrome Cleaning Time
Cut by "GLASS WAX" Method

"GLASS WAX" takes over all silver and chromium cleaning tasks. So easy, so quick, even a child can shine the finest pieces—and find it fun! No harsh abrasives, no messy paste, no tiresome buffing.

Just wipe "GLASS WAX" on, wipe off, and free table silver and chrome utensils of the most stubborn stain and tarnish.

'GLASS WAX'

A PRODUCT OF THE GOLD SEAL COMPANY 55 E. Washington Blvd., Chicago 2, Illinois

CLEANS 30 KINDS OF DIRT IN 30 SECONDS



Man Plunges 10 Stories...

And walks away. Lucky chance? Maybe. But science is probing the secrets of "freak" falls . . .

BY GORDON SCHENDEL

INTERNATIONAL

A MAN and his wife were flying over Alaska at an altitude of 1,500 feet. They were talking casually when the husband suddenly received no response to a remark. He turned from the controls — and gasped.

The plane door was swinging open; the other seat was empty!

Horror swept over him as he realized his wife had fallen — without a parachute — more than a quarter of a mile.

Surely she must be dead. Yet even as he told himself this, he circled back, praying that he was wrong. He landed on a frozen lake. Then for two hours he floundered through deep drifts, finally came upon a deep hole in the snow. At the bottom, 15 feet below, lay his wife.

When he reached her, he was unable to believe his senses. She was alive and eventually recovered completely.

It's Not the Distance

THIS woman fell over a quarter of a mile and survived. Yet people are killed every day slipping in a bathtub or falling down the cellar steps.

Luck — until recently — was believed to be the sole reason why some people are killed and others are uninjured in the same accidents.

But to Hugh de Haven, director of Crash-Injury Research at Cornell University Medical College, these paradoxes are explained by physical principles. Backed by the National Research Council, the Civil Aeronautics Administration, the Army and Navy, De Haven has proved that:

In many accidents, death can be avoided by cushioning effects so slight as to seem insignificant.

The woman who fell from the plane in Alaska was saved by the cushioning of 15 feet of snow. Many a citizen who slips on an icy sidewalk is killed in a fall of less than six feet because nothing cushions the impact of his head and gaped.

He Landed Right

THERE was the case of a despondent young man who leaped from a tenth-story window, struck the ground 90 feet below and walked away. He had landed on loose, spaded ground in which his body and head made an impression six inches deep. His fall had been slowed through a space of six inches. And since he had landed flat, the force had been spread over his body.

The studies at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center show that a high percentage of critical and fatal crash injuries occur solely because the head is exposed to dangerous blows from dangerous objects.

Simple precautions often save lives. When an automobile crash is imminent, press your head on

one arm in close contact with the dashboard. It means getting close to something hard, which seems dangerous, but actually the farther you pull back from a structure the harder you'll hit it.

Daredevils who earn their living by smashing up speeding automobiles long have known this trick. A moment before the crash, the stunt man jumps into the back seat and presses against the rear of the front seat, with his arm between his head and the seat's solid structure.

As a result of Crash-Injury Research, the occasional "miraculous" survival is becoming less of a mystery. In the very near future the luck of the few who survive by chance will become the "luck" of many who survive by engineering design.

Cushion Your Fall

UNTIL that time, here are four things to remember:

- If you have to jump from a considerable height, as from a burning building, try to land on something that will cushion your fall — an awning or soft earth.
- Unless you are landing on frozen ground or concrete, always try to land flat, for if you put your arms or legs in front of you to break the fall, the force may drive the long bones through your body.
- In a short fall, follow the practice of paratroopers. Try to roll or turn a somersault.
- If, however, you insist on landing on your feet in a short fall, do not hold your legs rigid. Bend your knees slightly.

If you can't remember any of these directions, just relax. That's how children and drunks survive falls that would kill any sober adult.



I'll Go Along With You

'cause You use
MENNEN

*skin
bracer*

Its He-Man Aroma
"Wows" the Ladies!



*Amazing
Offer*

**TO EVERY MAN
WHO SHAVES!**

Complete MENNEN Shave Kit

Only 15¢



Offered almost as a gift solely to introduce you to Mennen. Only 15¢, mailed postpaid to your door. Offer closes March 31, 1949. Hurry! Mail coupon today!

THE MENNEN COMPANY, Dept. TW-108
52 West Houston St., New York 12, N. Y.
Please send me _____ Mennen Shave Kits. I enclose
15¢ in coin for each Kit ordered.

Name _____ (Please Print Plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

OFFER GOOD ONLY IN U. S. A.

★ The National Guard Defends America ★

Look what you can do with a new Rug and \$166 ...thanks to Alexander Smith

Mrs. Clifford "Doc" Burden of Mt. Kisco, New York, tells how she did it...with the help of Clara Dudley, your color-scheme consultant at Alexander Smith



Don't look at this picture too closely. It shows our living room the way it used to look. Our furnishings were stylish when we bought them, in 1924. Our rug was too small for this room. We "pieced out" with small rugs at each end. It did look cluttery.

Poor Sally Anne, our fifteen-year-old, longed for a prettier room to entertain in—the kind she saw in magazines. Looking at our living room through her eyes, Doc and I agreed we must fix it up. Doc is Athletic Director at Mt. Kisco High School—scoutmaster, junior vestryman and full-time father. He was as eager as I was to make our home attractive for Sally Anne's sake. We figured out how much we could spend. It wasn't much. Obviously, what the room needed most was a new rug. So we went together to Crane's, our furniture store in Mt. Kisco.



COPYRIGHT 1948, ALEXANDER SMITH & SONS CARPET CO.



Crane's had the perfect rug...a new Alexander Smith pattern, 12' x 21'; only \$159.50, or \$33 down and \$11.50 a month if we wanted terms! Mr. Crane told me Clara Dudley would give me a decorating plan, so I sent in her Workshop Questionnaire.



This is Clara Dudley in her workshop at Alexander Smith, with a sample of our rug, and the fabrics she suggested to carry out a color scheme from our rug up. She sent me fabric samples and paint samples, too, all in one tidy kit. Then we Burdens got to work.



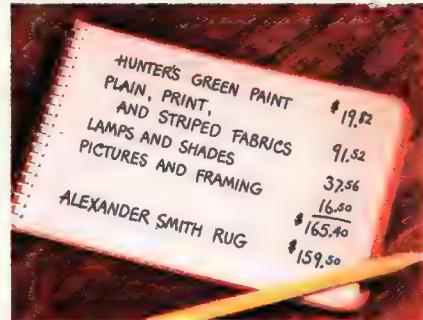
Doc turned cabinet-maker, and enticed our 17-year-old radio ham, Dick, to help him. They made secretary into desk, two lamp stands from old tables, and re-built the bookshelves. Here, they're making a coffee-table top with the discarded secretary doors.



Here's Sally Anne on the green brush and Doc on the white. With Clara Dudley's plan, and the whole family helping, we changed that living room, fast!



What a day for Sally Anne when that rug came! Dick and Doc rolled it out even before our rug cushions were ready. Right away, the room looked warm and friendlier.



This is all it cost us, and when we see how much a pretty living room means to Sally Anne, Doc and I agree it's as sound an investment as we ever made.



Today our living room invites you in, thanks to our beautiful rug...and Clara Dudley. I hope lots of other busy women get help from her as I did. And I can't say enough about our Alexander Smith Rug. It's a Floor-Plan Rug—one of those wonderful broadlooms that come in many sizes to fit within a few inches of your walls. Ours is so pretty, so easy to keep clean—and you can tell by its feel it will wear and wear. Even if we hadn't bought one other thing,

that beautiful rug would have given our living room a big lift all by itself.

Let Clara Dudley help you, too. Go to your favorite store; buy your Alexander Smith Rug, and ask for Clara Dudley's Workshop Questionnaire. Or write today for her free 24-page color-idea book, "Colorama," to Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company, Dept. TE-4, 285 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York.



Alexander Smith
Floor-Plan Rugs and Broadloom Carpets



Look...
you can

dye that dress

easy-as-pie... make it win compliments

and influence people—
...yes indeedy, turn heads
the right way!

All you need is your
enthusiasm... some

All Purpose RIT and
a little time.

Start now
and by tomorrow
you'll have a honey of
a "new" dress.

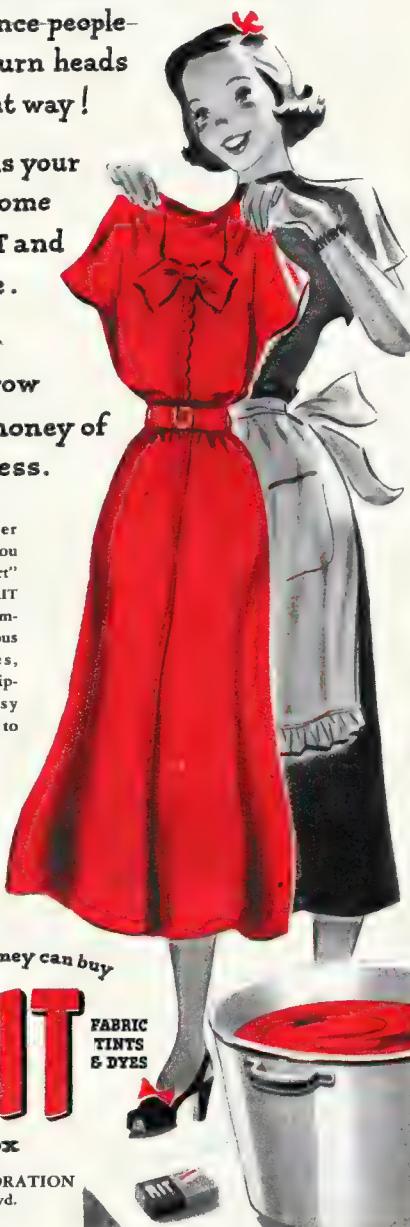
Even if you've never
dyed a thing before, you
can be a "dye expert"
the first time—the RIT
directions are that simple! There'll be luscious
colors for dresses,
lingerie, draperies, slip-
covers. Such an easy
way to add gay color to
your life!

All Purpose RIT
dyes Nylon, all Rayons,
Cotton, Silk, Linen,
Wool—literally any
fabric except glass or
mineral fiber!

guaranteed...
the finest dye that money can buy

All Purpose **RIT**
FABRIC
TINTS & DYES
25¢ big box

RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1401 W. Jackson Blvd.
Chicago 7, Illinois



RECORDS OF THE MONTH



COLORATURA Miliza Korjus turns out a treat with Strauss's "Artist's Life"

VOCAL: Lena Horne has a high-throb quality in her voice which occasionally gets caught on wax. This is one of the times: she sings the deserving perennial, "Sometimes I'm Happy," with enormous charm, backs it with "It's Mad, Mad, Mad"—a blues of some note as she handles it (M-G-M).

There is nothing quite like a collection called "Crosby Classics" (Columbia) for fond nostalgia. The new Volume II has Bing's old recordings of eight old mood-makers like "A Ghost of a Chance" and "Let's Put Out the Lights."

CHILDREN: The juvenile record fans I know all seem to have unerring ears for simple, relaxed singing. Most popular young album to hit our house in a long time is Cowboy Tex Ritter's "Songs For Children" (Capitol). His six sides include "Animal Fair" and "Big Rock Candy Mountain."

SWING: If you've been wondering about living-room dancing-talking music, "Mood Ellington" is the best answer in months (Columbia). Eight compositions by Duke Ellington—never forget his "Solitude," "Mood Indigo" and the others—played by his beautifully integrated orchestra. The mood ranges from subtle to gutty jazz. All good.

CLASSICAL: Aimed at every home needle, Victor has Coloratura Soprano Miliza Korjus in an album of Johann Strauss waltzes. She sings "Artist's Life," "Treasure Waltz," "Vienna Blood" and "Roses From the South." Rich and heady.

—J. M.



NOSTALGIA is Crosby's keynote in such old-new hits as "Ghost of a Chance"



®SPIC and SPAN—America's Most Famous Cleaner Offers

3 "Keep 'em Fresh" FOOD-SAVER BAGS

FOR ICE BOX OR REFRIGERATOR

Keeps Food Fresh Longer
Keeps Leftovers Tasty and Tempting
Saves Money on Food
Greaseproof, Waterproof
Guards against Food Odors
Genuine Plasticoid (Triple Strength)
3 Sizes: smallest holds big head of lettuce

Now that Fall cleaning time is here, you can make *double* use of SPIC and SPAN! Make housecleaning easy . . . and also get three genuine Plasticoid food-saver bags.

JUST DO THIS: Mail one SPIC and SPAN boxtop and 50¢ in coin to SPIC and SPAN P. O. Box 1459, Dept. T, Cincinnati, Ohio. Include your name and address. Your 3 Plasticoid food-saver bags will be mailed to you. Order as many sets as you want. Enclose one SPIC and SPAN boxtop and 50¢ in coin for each set. To make it easier for you, your dealer has convenient order blanks.

NOTE: Offer good everywhere in continental U. S. except State of Montana. Expires October 31, 1948.



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SPIC and SPAN

Cleans All Painted, Washable Surfaces
—in half the time—with half the work!

YES, IT'S EASY—REALLY EASY to get all washable surfaces, painted walls and woodwork spotlessly clean with SPIC and SPAN. Just wring a cloth out of a solution of SPIC and SPAN so that it's slightly damp. Then wipe over the soiled areas. *Instantly* dirt, grease, smudges, fingerprints disappear. No rinsing, no wiping. One swish with SPIC and SPAN and it's clean!

SPIC AND SPAN BANISHES STREAKS and cloth marks. You can start cleaning a wall, and if you're interrupted to answer the phone, or stop for lunch, you can start again without a trace of "stop-and-start" streaks. SPIC and SPAN always does a beautifully *even* cleaning job. So, for *easy* Fall cleaning—**GET TWO OR THREE PACKAGES** of SPIC and SPAN today.

No soap, no other cleaner . . . nothing in America . . . cleans like

SPIC and SPAN





Make Every Week Fire Prevention Week

—for Fire is a deadly threat every week

Last year Fire—the Fifth Horseman—destroyed or damaged 325,000 homes—caused \$700,000,000 property loss—killed nearly 12,000 people!

Don't leave yourself wide open to a tragedy that may cost the lives of those you love. Follow these rules...in your home...on your job:

- 1 Chaperon your cigarette—don't let it go out alone.
- 2 Put every match out cold. Keep live ones away from children.
- 3 Avoid improper use of gasoline and benzine for home cleaning.
- 4 Use only electric wiring and appliances with the seal of Underwriters' Laboratories. Don't overload circuits.
- 5 Clean, repair and insulate your heating plant, stove and chimneys.

*The Member Fire Insurance Companies of the
NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS
—for Prevention of Loss of Life and Property by Fire*
85 John Street, New York 7, N. Y.

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK
OCTOBER 3 TO 9

WHAT'S HAPPENING

TO U.S. SPENDING HABITS?

(In Percentage of National Income)



4.90% IS SPENT ON ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

(8.8 Billion)



3.40% GOES FOR HORSE RACE BETTING

(6 Billion) Estimated



1.90% IS SPENT FOR TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES

(3.4 Billion)



.85% IS GIVEN TO RELIGIOUS & SOCIAL WELFARE

(1.5 Billion)



10.5% GOES FOR INDIVIDUAL U.S. INCOME TAXES

(18.7 Billion)

BY RAY BETHERS Sources—U.S. Department of Commerce and Graphics Institute

Striking new models by B·B

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING PEN!



New, streamlined *Executive* has improved pocket level clip and "locking action" cap. Clip and cap in chrome or simulated gold. Barrel in assorted solid colors.

The new purse or pocket *VP* is finished in pastel shades to match your accessories. Chrome or simulated gold cap.

See... then write with these distinctive, new B·B pens! You'll agree there are no finer writing instruments at *any* price. Yes, you no longer have to pay \$5 to \$15 for a top-quality pen. B·B craftsmen, using war-developed precision tooling and mass production methods, enable you to buy the best in writing for only 98¢.

B·B 98¢



TIP IS TESTED AND SEALED at the factory. This exclusive, plastic protection feature makes certain that your B·B pen will start instantly, write dependably, won't scratch or blot.

B·B REFILLS contain exclusive "PERMA-DRY" INK that dries as you write. You can replace original cartridge in 10 seconds. Choice of red, blue or green ink. Individually packaged. Sold in stores everywhere — only 49¢.

All-time service agreement

Every B·B is given a visual, mechanical and writing test before shipment. An all-time service agreement accompanies your purchase.

Price of pen and refill slightly higher in Canada.
COPR. 1948, B·B PEN CO., INC., HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIF.



WASH YOUR CLOTHES HERE and see the difference!

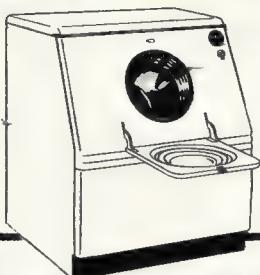
Your wash is done *automatically*. Your hands never touch water. You bring in your clothes and we assign you as many of the gleaming white Laundromats as you need. Then you sit back and r-e-l-a-x for a few minutes while your work is done for you.

White Clothes Whiter • Colored Clothes Brighter • Here's Why:

- Plenty of Hot Water . . . 140° hot
- Plenty of Soft Water . . . rain-water soft
- Proper Detergents . . . specially developed for Laundromats

And Above All, the Famous Westinghouse Automatic Washer

The *Laundromat* America's "wash'word"



Be sure you take your clothes to the laundry that displays the sign shown below. All you do is put in your clothes and turn the dial. The distinctive slanting front makes loading and unloading easier. The Laundromat fills itself with water, washes, rinses 3 times, damp-dries, cleans and empties itself—all automatically. It's the quicker, easier, cheaper and better way to wash your clothes.

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse



• Want to own your own profitable business? For details about money-making opportunities and territories still open, write ALD, Inc., National Distributors of Westinghouse Laundromat Half-Hour Automatic Laundries, 3406 Lincoln Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois.

WORLD'S GREATEST SIDESHOW

Continued from page fifteen

this mercilessly realistic figure of herself at the age of 82. She died in 1850, but is still very much alive as the presiding genius over her descendants.

Born in Switzerland, Marie learned wax modelling from her uncle in Paris, became a favorite of the court ladies at Versailles. Then came the French Revolution, and the girl was thrust into horrors which would have driven a less well-balanced person mad.

Because of her royal connections, Marie was suspect, but the revolutionaries spared her to make use of her skill. She spent the Reign of Terror producing wax reproductions of the illustrious as they went to the guillotine. First, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, later Danton and Robespierre. The models she did then still remain the most faithful portraits in existence.

The Shocked England

SHE married a French soldier named Tussaud, who soon left her. In 1802, with her waxworks and her two small boys, she emigrated to England. She made her debut at the Lyceum Theater, and was an instantaneous success. The proper English were deliciously shocked at this true-to-life glimpse of licentious royalty and ferocious revolutionaries from across the Channel.

When Madame Tussaud learned that Samson, the executioner, had pawned his guillotine for lack of business, she sent her son to buy it. The Shah of Persia, visiting the museum in 1873 to admire his wax replica, was fascinated by the guillotine. He wanted to see if it still worked, and demanded volunteers for beheading from among his suite. It was with some difficulty that he was made to accede to the English, "It isn't done."

Marie Tussaud died at the ripe age of 90, having trained her two sons, Francois and Joseph, to carry on. The dynasty remains intact to this day. It shows no signs of dying out. At the last known census of the great family, it was found that 17 of her grandsons took an active part in the First World War.

Since then the family has grown to such proportions that no one is able to say today how many

descendants of Marie there are.

Chief custodian of the great tradition is now Bernard Tussaud — a quiet, publicity-shy man with the stooped back and curving thumb of the sculptor. He is a bachelor, but from among his seven brothers the institution will draw another Tussaud to carry on the craft.

That Erie Quality

TUSSAUD's appeal, which has been constant for more than a century and a half, is hard to describe. But it is felt in a flash. It's the eeriness of those scores of wax bodies which are dead and yet so alive that if you stare for a moment, you feel that the wax face has just spoken to you.

The museum receives many odd requests. An elderly bachelor in the Midlands ordered the model of a woman done from his own sketches, to be dressed in clothes of his design. He needed a woman around the house, he said, who would be decorative and not talkative. The commission was refused.

Teachers bring students to Tussaud's, having discovered that history comes alive for them there. Scholars and fiction writers consult the museum on matters of portraiture and costume. When preparations were under way for King Edward's coronation, Buckingham Palace consulted Tussaud's on the exact shade of purple for the royal robes. The galleries owned the robes worn by George IV at his coronation. A broad hem was unstitched to reveal the true royal purple, unsullied by dust or time.

"How Tall Was Napoleon?"

FROM the plain people most requests are to settle a bet, such as, which side of Cromwell's face was his wart on, which was Nelson's blind eye and Byron's club foot, and what color were Mary Queen of Scots' eyes. The question most asked is, "How tall was Napoleon?"

Few visitors, distinguished or otherwise, have penetrated behind the scenes at Tussaud's. In the offices, managing director J. S. Ruttle, and the scholarly public-relations officer, Reginald Edds, have the headache of deter-



"This is Bradley's first day, Ed — wantcha to teach him the whole business right from the bottom!"

mining which wax celebrities are has-beens, and what new figures should be added. They take their responsibilities to history very seriously. Film stars are the trickiest problem. The idol of today is often the melted wax of tomorrow. A star who has Tussaud's long view may with justification feel that he has a hold on immortality. About 15 figures are juked every year.

When a living candidate makes the grade, he is summoned to the studio. There Bernard Tussaud supervises the taking of about 50 photographs. Between poses an expert taster measures the subject. When the chosen one can't come to the studio, photos and measurements are painstakingly collected through months or years.

How To Make a Head

IT TAKES three to four months to complete a figure, and the cost varies from \$600 to \$4,000. Hunched on his stool like an oversized gnome, Bernard Tussaud models the head out of a block of clay, then takes a plaster-of-Paris mold which is filled with molten wax. A modern innovation is that only the parts of the body which actually show are in wax; the rest, for durability's sake, is plaster of Paris.

Tussaud's agents buy natural hair from women in remote European villages whose tresses have never felt the touch of curlers or

dye. On the wax head, one hair at a time is inserted. It is firmly fixed to resist tugs during shampoo-and-set.

Each subject is asked to supply the costume in which he would like to stand before history. This custom originated with Robespierre, who suggested it to Madame Tussaud. Tussaud's was going to dress Greer Garson in what she wore as Mrs. Miniver. With a proper appreciation of the significance of her wax debut, the film star asked to be dressed in a classic gown that would never be outdated. She designed it herself—an ivory satin evening dress with cherry red panels—and sent it over.

The doors of the House of Wax are thrown open when the Newgate bell (bought from the old prison) tolls 10. But life among the famous and infamous begins four hours earlier. If you were privileged to be in the galleries at dawn, you would see on the staff bulletin board a notice like this: "Today's heads off Gandhi, Hoover, Cripps, Hitler, Budge." The decapitations are for cleaning and renovation.

The hands are removed too, and with the heads are carried to the laboratories to be washed and recolored. The pigmentary water-color of complexion comes off when sponged with warm, soapy water; leaving colorless wax. Life of a head is about 10 years.



PRESS ASSOC.
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMA gets a once-over from Bernard

When the heads are dried, the hair must be dressed, and the complexion restored. Until very recently this work was done by the Tussaud sisters, Dolly, Maud, Beatrice and Gemmi. Maud has just died, but the other ladies, all in their eighties, still drop in because they can't stay away. They hover about Vera Bland, whom they trained for 12 years to take the post of First Skin-tinter and Hairdresser. Miss Bland does just about the same job she would do in a beauty parlor, except that she doesn't have to make conversation.

At 7:30 Harry Willets, the guard in the Chamber of Horrors who has been with Tussaud's 48 years, starts tidying up. As he makes his rounds through the dim dun-

geon, he chats amiably about the weather and cricket scores to 80-odd cutthroats of the past century.

Other workers are busy on the floors above. Each figure must be brushed and vacuum-cleaned. Shoes are shined, medals and buckles polished, gowns are redraped and headresses straightened.

Reassembling the Bodies

At 9:40 the heads and hands rejoin their bodies. Joan Tussaud, as wardrobe mistress, superintends the tying of ties and buttoning of vests and jackets. Vera Bland stands by with brush and comb for such emergencies as a ruffled eyebrow.

At 9:50 Bernard Tussaud passes his wax children in a keen final review. The Newgate bell sounds the hour, the doors open, and the crowds queued up outside storm into the lobby and begin throwing questions at the wax bobby.

Perhaps the final word should be spoken by an American, in a story the English tell on themselves. A famous diplomat, he was asked how he liked Tussaud's. "Well," he said, undiplomatically, "it struck me as very like an ordinary English evening party."

WHICH ARE REAL, WHICH WAX?

On page 15, the upper Montgomery is real, the lower Tussaud's. The royal couple on the left is real.

AMAZING NEW DEW SPRAY DEODORANT

In the Magical
"Self-Atomizing"
Squeezable
Bottle!



STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR TWO FULL DAYS!

Daivier than creams! Never touches hands. Not messy. Just squeeze flexible bottle. Spray on a gentle mist. Only deodorant containing "Resilene" to stop perspiration safely, protect clothes from perspiration stains. Instantly removes odor. Keeps you daintily pure for two full days. Won't rot clothes! Dew is harmless, stainless. Can't irritate normalskin.

Bottle magic!
Dew's plastic
bottle can't
break, leak or
spill. Perfect for
purse or travel.

SAVES MONEY!
Full year's supply only
98¢ per
bottle.

Less than 2¢ a week.

Madeleine Swenson's smile wins a passport to a bright new world!



Madeleine Swenson, French War Bride, was a Paris manicurist when an American soldier fell in love with her smile. Two years later, she was one of France's most popular cover girls . . . and on her way to Mason City, Iowa, to marry her soldier fiance, Warren Swenson. Madeleine's chance at cover-girl fame came after Warren returned to the U. S. and began sending her packages which contained, in her words, "always your wonderful Pepsodent." "So I thank Pepsodent today for my big chance," Madeleine says. "Always now, my smile is a Pepsodent Smile!"



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Do you have a winning smile? If Pepsodent Tooth Paste has helped your smile and career—send your picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. If used you will receive regular professional model fees.



The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Madeleine Swenson knows it—and people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Yes, New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently com-

pared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!

WHY YOU WON'T SELL APPLES IN 1949

Continued from page five

Get these individual Steak Knives..

- ★ STAINLESS STEEL!
- ★ GENUINE AGATRON HANDLES!
- ★ SERRATED EDGES ---
- NEED NO SHARPENING!
- ★ ATTRACTIVE IN ANY TABLE SETTING!

That's right . . . here's a real bargain. You send only one package top from any size package of Pillsbury Pancake Mix (plain or buckwheat) plus the coupon below and . . .

You can get as many as 8 of these stainless steel steak knives for only 25¢ apiece. Retail value \$1.15 each.

How come? Because we want you to try *Quick-Light* Pillsbury Pancakes. We want you to see just how *quick* they are to make—how *light* and fluffy to eat. They're economical, too . . . only a few cents a serving.

Fair enough? Then hurry to your grocer . . . knives this good at prices this low just can't last. Supply is limited. First come, first served.

USE HANDY COUPON...CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!



SEND ONLY ONE BOXTOP... JUST ONE FROM PILLSBURY PANCAKE MIX

Pillsbury Mills, Inc.
Box 500, Dept. TW
Minneapolis, Minn.

I am enclosing \$_____ and one boxtop (or sack top) from a package of Pillsbury Pancake Mix, plain or buckwheat. Please send me _____ stainless steel steak knives as described. Limit 8 to a customer. (please print plainly)

Name _____

Address _____

(City _____ State _____
Offer good in Continental U.S. and Hawaii only—expires Dec. 31, 1948.



tage of its capacity and with millions of unemployed.

At the end of the war, Soviet economists—and the generals urged them on—rubbed their hands in anticipation of the inevitable capitalist depression, from which the Russians would stand to profit. America's financial position would be too weak to enable the U.S. to aid Western European governments against Soviet expansion; a depression would turn America's attention inward.

What saved the United States from the economic collapse that would have been fatal to its dreams of a free world at peace? The impatience of the Russian leaders. They were not content to sit behind the crenelated walls of the Kremlin and wait for the "inevitable."

Almost immediately after the signing of the Potsdam agreement, they began to expand their sphere of influence in a manner not calculated to allay the suspicions of the U.S. They flexed their muscles in Germany, Austria and Italy. In the United Nations they pursued an obstinate course of all-or-nothing. Then the unexpected happened.

Fast Reply

AMERICA, which had disbanded its army and disposed of its war material, saw Russia actively mobilizing Communist forces in Europe. To embattled Greece, to threatened Turkey, America sent arms, food and money.

Before long, the policy of aiding non-Communist governments in Europe was placed on a broad, systematic basis: the Marshall Plan. Huge loans, food and machinery headed toward Europe. Even then Russia might have been able to sit back and let normal American reluctance to tinker in European affairs scuttle the Marshall Plan.

Instead, the Soviets chose to sweep non-party-liners out of Czechoslovakia by force. The reply from Washington came with heartening suddenness for European democrats. The European Recovery Program, with most of its good works intact, was whisked

through Congress in a demonstration of bi-partisan unity.

That wasn't all. Slowly, with much grinding of gears, the machinery of disarmament was reversed. Orders went out for bigger and faster aircraft; the Army was expanded; the military budget was set at a peacetime high: fourteen billion dollars a year, almost three times as much as the Marshall Plan.

No Big Crash

INSTEAD of an economy which threatened to crash, through its own topheaviness, the American productive apparatus is now finding its markets in a fat foreign-aid and armament program. Instead of a depression, we are today enjoying a record prosperity. Employment figures have hit an all-time high. And there is no evidence that this tremendous economic rise will be interrupted in the predictable future.

Indeed, competition between small consumers, the military and the foreign-aid program is actually forcing prices up. This inflation causes some hardships and may lead to a temporary recession—but the cushioning effect of the present government expenditure has almost certainly eliminated the possibility of a large-scale deflationary depression in 1949. And whatever happens later, the important thing for Americans right now is to be able to afford the European Recovery Program until western Europe is back on its feet.

The Last Laugh

UNDUE optimism can still be dangerous. No economist can guarantee that there will not be recessions or periods of readjustment in the near future or a serious depression in years to come. But whatever happens it will not be in the manner nor at the time predicted by the Russian theoreticians—thanks to their own unwitting assistance.

In whatever obscure cubicle Professor Varga is now sitting in repentence, he must occasionally smile to himself at the thought that his accusers are proving him right.

The End



"THE PRESIDENT'S GIRL FRIEND"

Continued from page seven.

"I don't care what your name is!" Phyllis snapped. "I want a bath, and I need soap and towels. Would you mind, too, too much with my job?"

"Phyllis!" her mother said. "Stop that!"

With dignity, with only a faint rheumatic creaking of joints, Mary went into the bathroom, placed the towels and the soap. She could hear voices outside, Mrs. Lee's gently rebuking, the girl's snappish. When she came out, Mrs. Lee had just finished settling her hat and was leaving.

"I'll be back at eight o'clock, dear," she said. "We'll have dinner then, shall we?"

"Suits me," the girl said, indifferently. She caught up a blue dressing gown, and headed for the bath, while Mrs. Lee, her hand on the knob, said courteously to Mary, "I won't forget you, my dear. I'll speak to Mr. Boardman about you in the morning."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary, uncertainly.

"My bones —"

Phyllis interrupted rudely, from the door of the bathroom: "Give the old buzzards at the Society my best regards, Mother." And then vanished, slamming the door behind her.

TWENTY minutes later, Phyllis, in the blue dressing gown, came out of the bath into the silent living room, a towel wrapped around her head.

She stood still for a full minute, drinking in the silence. Then she walked to the phone, picked up the receiver and called a number. After a few moments, "Mr. Corley, please." After another moment, "Hal?"

Her voice was matter of fact, but her hand shook. "This is Phyllis Lee, Hal. How are you? . . . Good, good . . . I just happened to be in town . . . thought I'd see whether you were alive or dead. It must be three years, isn't it? Or four, perhaps? . . . Well, I thought I'd find out how you were. . . Yes, I'm fine, just fine. I — what's that, Hal?"

She listened carefully. "Why — no. It happens I'll be at loose ends at six-thirty — I've got a date at eight. A must. But at six-thirty — I'd love that, Hal. And we could talk over old times. . . Pardon? No, Hal, she stayed home, so I'm alone and defenseless." She laughed, a pretty, breathless little laugh, while the hand that held the receiver wobbled badly. She said, "You wouldn't! . . . After that, how could I tell you where I am? No, I hate the Harden House. Let's make it the Pheasant Club, at six-thirty. . . So long, Hal."

She hung up. The sulky, petulant look was gone — for the moment. She smoothed

the towel on her head, and her gray eyes were tremulously alive.

Alive — until she heard a faintly familiar creak, and Mary came out of the bedroom. Then her face went into the dead, sulky mask. "You — are you spying on me, too?" she demanded.

"Me? No, ma'am."

"You didn't hear, I suppose, what I said over the telephone?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did," said Mary honestly.

"So you'll tell my mother all about it, I suppose. Everyone does, everyone tells my mother what I do or say —"

MARY looked at her curiously. "No, miss. Why should I?" After all, a girl made a date with a young man. Why should she tell that? What business was it of anybody's that once she, Mary, had dated a young Irish taxi driver, who later went West with the railroad? What business of hers that Miss Phyllis Lee made a date with a young man named Hal, for the Pheasant Club, at six-thirty? None at all.

"But you will!" the girl cried. "You're just like the rest of them. Always tattling because my mother has a million or two —"

She burst into tears.

Mary was puzzled. But she said, "You know, Miss, I got a letter from the President of the United States —"

"Mr. Truman? What's he got to do with this?"

"Truman — is he President now? No, Miss. I don't know Mr. Truman. But once, about twenty-five years ago, come next September, I walked into the presidential suite, and you know what the President said —?"

Phyllis said, "No, what?" And Mary told her. And told her. And told her too, about the letter, in which the President said he wished he had more friends like her. That's what the President of the United States wrote to her. And once he said: "You can trust Mary." That's just what he said.

"You mean, I can trust you, too?"

MARY said, of course, she could. She couldn't understand where the trust came in. After all, Miss Lee hadn't done more than to make a date with a young man. So what? She was old enough surely.

The girl, this Phyllis Lee, to Mary's mind, was a bit cracked. She talked about snowflakes rushing through from out the dark, and sizzling in a moment against a hot stove. About one snowflake, named Hal Corley — whoever heard of a snowflake having a name? — that took a long time to melt. She'd gone swimming with this snowflake, this Corley snowflake, in the

Continued on page 33



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"Making mud pies"

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Most of Ann Sheridan's virtues—and they are many—can be traced to her admirable digestive system.

She eats anything she wants to (preferably fried) and drinks anything, too, with impunity. On her frequent visits to Mexico she slakes her thirst on the supposedly polluted local water and gorges herself on germ-laden wayside enchiladas without harm.

"I was raised on Southern cooking," she explains disloyally.

Healthy people face the world with a courage incomprehensible to the sick. And nothing fortifies the spirit like a cast-iron stomach. Consider, for example, the back-yard goat, which thrives on a diet of tin cans and old shoes, and has no fear of anything under the sun.

The Doesn't Care

ANN SHERIDAN simply does not care whether school keeps or not. She is indifferent to what people think about her. She is by reputation the most amiable girl in Hollywood, but insists amiably in having her own way.

There is an old joke, the tag line of which runs as follows: "That horse ain't blind: he just don't give a darn." That line could easily apply to Ann Sheridan.

Having compared her to a cantankerous horse and a belligerent back yard goat, we owe it to her to revert to the subject of her beauty.

Actually her charm is more considerable than her phony title of "Oomph Girl" might

indicate. Her features have more beauty, intelligence and character than the screen and the Westmore Brothers have permitted the public to see.

Nevertheless, she insists that she is entirely lacking in feminine allure. This is based not on false modesty but on false logic. She does little if anything to make herself alluring, concludes therefore that she must lack that quality.

She is indifferent to clothes and makeup. On vacation in Connecticut this summer, her total wardrobe consisted of a couple of pairs of overalls, a dress for going to town; a strapless bra-and-dirdndl get-up, and a few other bare essentials. The whole business could have been put in an overnight bag—and was.

Likes Comedies

CONVINCED that she lacks glamour, her persistent aim has been to play in comedies. She broke with her studio to achieve this, in her newest picture, "Good Sam."

She does not usually quarrel with her bosses, however, or with anybody else.

She likes horseplay and doesn't mind being on the receiving end. When she was on the set with Mike Curtiz, the noted director kept referring to her absent-mindedly as Ann Harding. Miss Sheridan answered without demur, until at one point when she blew her lines and Curtiz blew a fuse.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Curtiz," she said with fake humility. "But I'm afraid I wasn't meant for this part. The girl you need is Ann Sheridan."

Curtiz was momentarily puzzled, then the light dawned, but he did not show it. "You could be right," he answered. "Somebody with 'oomph'."

—LOUIS BERG



LOOK HOMeward, DUSTY

Continued from page twelve

and bring it too as a special offering. Jumping against the gate, ball in mouth, tail pleading, eyes anxious, he waited until the sound of the motor died away in the distance. Once some people came and stood outside the run and looked at him.

"Yes, that's the one," said the Master. "Of course he's too old to show now, but he's a good sire. Best dog I ever had."

His coat grew rough, nobody trimmed him any more. He had a good clean bed, plenty of fresh cool water and his own bowl of dog-food at feeding time. For the rest, he dozed in the sun or ran briefly up and down the run. He gave up the ball-carrying after a time, it did no good.

He noticed that particular day that there was even more activity than usual around the place. A moving van backed up and loaded boxes and furniture on it. Some people came and took away a brace of puppies. The master was hurrying all over the yard.

A faint hope stirred him when five dogs were put in cases and the last puppies were led away. Surely he would not be the only one left behind! This time he would go, this time there would be the ring and the judge and the clapping and the excitement. He ran up and down the fence line.

He was panting, limping a little, his eyes bright with hope. Yea, this time it was true. The Master came and picked him up.

"This one goes East," he said to a man with him, "I couldn't sell him somehow. He and I—we went through the big time together when we were young." He rubbed Dusty's ears. Dusty quivered with love and joy.

"Champion, ain't he?" asked the other.

"Yeah. I'm shipping him back to Mrs. Windsor. She owned his sire and bred the litter Dusty was in. I got the pup when he was eight weeks old."

"How old is he now?"

"Going on nine. Try to get him to the airport to catch the noon plane, will you? Quicker trip. Kind of hate to see him start flying at his age. But Mrs. Windsor will give him a good home, she was crazy over the sire and crazy over that litter."

HE PUT Dusty in the traveling case. Dusty was wagging his tail. "No, son, we've seen our last show. This is the end of the line." And he walked away very fast.

Dusty eased down in the case, but kept his nose awake for the familiar scent of the show, dogs, disinfectant, perfume, smoke. But he was put in a strange dim place

and set down. Noises came to him, not any known sounds, the smell was strange, his water dish slopped a little. Suddenly he felt dizzy. The air was odd. It was dark. He didn't eat at all, his stomach was too full of ache. Not hunger ache, but sorrow ache.

It was endless, and then it ended and he was carried out into an open field. But no flags waving, no barking, no kennelman running around. Just an empty field. A man took him out on his leash and he politely found a small un-inspired bush, and felt better.

BUT there was no sign of the Master, he was alone in an alien world, and the sickness was in his bones.

A woman came running across the field. "There he is!" she cried, "there's Dusty! I'd know him anywhere! Come on, boy!"

He couldn't understand, but he greeted her nicely, trotted off with her.

There was a car waiting, not his station wagon. When he was told to, he got in, and sat in dignified stiffness on the floor.

Another trip, this traveling was a long thing. He could have howled his heart out, but that wasn't the way a gentleman did. The next thing he knew, he was taken in a house, the leash un-snapped and he was free.

This was the strangest place of all. There were five or six cockers, untrimmed, running around,

there were a couple of cats. The cockers rushed at him, and sniffed him thoroughly, and made whuffling noises. The cats hissed and got on the table.

Dusty found a corner and sat in it, paws together. Eyes wary. There was a sickness in his bones. After a while they all let him alone, and went racketing around the house. The woman brought him a bowl. It had fresh chopped beef in it, his special treat after a show. He went over it with his nose. He went over it with his nose, and it was exactly that.

But he turned his head away. He didn't want to eat. The woman picked him up in her arms and sat down with him in a big chair. He looked at her with great sad eyes.

"Darling, don't be too homesick," she said, "it will be better after a while." And she kissed him right on the top of his head.

She was a nice person. A little of the stiffness went out of his tired legs. The floor stopped swaying so much. When she put him down, he felt he might as well follow her. So he stuck to her heels all day, upstairs, downstairs, in and out.

Nobody was getting any of the dogs ready for a show. There weren't any cases around, no trimming table, and he couldn't see a single trophy on any wall or on any shelf.

He had been in a house now and then, when the Master brought

Continued on next page

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QUIZ 'EM

Questions and answers from current news

1. MORTGAGED . . . How many of the homes in the U.S. are occupied by their owners?

54.7 per cent. In 1940 only 43.6 per cent were owner-occupied.

— M.A.H., White Plains, N.Y.

2. BONANZA . . . What country takes in about one-fourth of its revenue from the sale of stamps?

The Principality of Liechtenstein. To insure a steady sale, the post-office department gets out new issues every year.

— Mrs. M.A.P., Alexandria, Va.

3. OFFICE HELP . . . In what U.S. city are office workers getting the fastest pay envelopes?

Seattle—the average worker earns \$43.48 a week. New York

is next with an average of \$41.52. Denver, Colo., is third with \$38.52; Dallas rates fourth with \$38.23, and Buffalo pays \$37.58.

— K.L., Lawrence, Kans.

4. DONORS, NOTE . . . How much blood is needed in donations to fill this year's Red Cross requirements?

One pint from one out of every 32 persons in this country. Some 4,000,000 pints are needed, of which only 20 per cent is available now.

— A.S., Caryville, N.Y.

5. FILL 'ER UP . . . How much of the average motorist's dollar spent for gasoline goes for state and federal taxes?

Twenty-five cents. Missouri

has the lowest gasoline tax: two cents a gallon. Louisiana's nine-cents-a-gallon tax is the highest.

— B.B.R., Los Angeles, Calif.

6. MAN-HUNTERS . . . Are there more or fewer bachelors between the ages of 20 and 45 in the U.S. now than there were in 1940? Fewer.

— G.O.C., Brooklyn, N.Y.

7. DEPARTING . . . Today Britons are emigrating in droves. Where are they going?

Mostly to the colonies and dominions. In the past 18 months, 56,000 have gone to Canada, 23,000 to Australia, and 13,200 to other British colonies.

— D.E.M., Cleveland, Ohio

CONDUCTED BY

Tom Henry

NOTE: We will pay \$2 for a question and answer used in this column. Questions are based on current news and clippings of news source must accompany answer. Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

LOOK HOMeward, DUSTY

Continued from preceding page

him in to show him to somebody. He got up on a trimming table, then posed, then went back to the run. But this was different. All the dogs ran around freely, picking various things out of a big basket by the fireplace, and playing games with them. He watched, and wondered, he had never seen anything like it in his whole life.

"You feeling hungry now?" asked the woman after a while.

She put down a bowl, and just to please her, he ate the whole meal, and polished the dish so it wouldn't have to be cleaned. Then he felt well enough to move slowly to the water bowl and take a long drink, establishing his right to do so. Pretty good water, not as good as in the kennel, but all right.

She let him out and he cruised carefully around the yard, bigger than any exercise ring in the world, and really rather fine. When she opened the door he came right back in, and he saw a couple of the dogs sitting up on the sofa. This was a strange place.

He thought about that for awhile and then ventured to get up too, and it was fine and soft to lie on. He was fearfully tired now. Confused, anxious, lost, his heart beat slowly, his leg was stiff.

IN the night, he got to feeling so bad he couldn't stand it. Where was his Master? Here it was night, he was not in his kennel, not at a show. It was too much.

Paw by paw, he crept out of the room, found the scent of the woman and followed it. He knew how to climb stairs, he did that at indoor shows in the past. He heard her breathing upstairs in the front room. Dusty went up to the door and scratched at it and it opened and he moved across the soft thick

rug. He put tentative paws on the edge of the bed, leaned his muzzle wistfully on the bedcover.

"Not feeling so good?" she said. "Come on up with me, then."

Dusty got on the bed, and her hand was warm and comfortable on his left ear, and he gave a sigh big enough to burst his lungs and stretched out beside her.

It was too soft, really, and he wouldn't sleep there again. But it was very nice to know he could, if he wanted to.

THEY were all put out in a run the next day and the woman drove off. She did not take anybody else to a show, he watched and not a single one went. He sat close to the gate, blinking a little in the bright sunlight.

Well, here he was again, in a kennel, with nothing to occupy him except a feeling of loss. Now the only difference was that there was grass under paw instead of gravel, and the air smelled sharper.

She had gone away, where? A fly bumbled around and he snapped it up, but without interest. The others played bones and dug holes and jumped around. They left him all by himself. His left hind leg began to ache and he coughed a little. His head dropped.

Suddenly he heard the sound of her car and she came back walking lightly over the grass. Without any hope, he watched her come. She would pick out a couple of the others and there would be the snap of the leash and they would go away. He would get a bowl of food and a drink of water.

"Well, come on in, everybody," said the woman, and opened the gate. Dusty didn't move for an instant. "Come on, darling," she said, laughing.

He rushed to the gate, fearful, eager. But it was not closed on his muzzle! They all went with the woman into the house, unleashed.

The others were bounding against the woman, dashing off to bring favorite bones from hiding places obvious to anybody's nose. Two leaped to that soft couch. The cats appeared, stretching and yawning delicately. They hissed mildly as he passed, but more as a gesture than anything else.

The house was full of confusion and noise and the good smell of chopped beef drifting from a package on the table. The woman was dishing out bowls of it. She looked at his wistful eyes. "This is your own bowl," she said, "the blue one. For always."

He could never have imagined a life like this, never.

But now, suddenly, he knew it was all his. He began to run in crazy circles, in and out of the room, around and about. There was that box of treasures—clean old bones, leather shoes, knotted woolen socks! He whirled past it, checked his mad flight, nose-dived and came up with a red ball.

HEAD lifted proudly, tail going wildly, Champion Dusty Night of Old Rock, grave veteran of the show ring, bounced across the room carrying the ball. She was in the other room by the stove and he ran so fast he shot right past her, and had to turn to get back to her. He held up the ball, panting with excitement.

Smiling, she bent down and took it, and tossed it. He chased it, skating across a small rug, and jumping on it with fierce delight when he caught it.

Almost like a puppy! *The End*

"THE PRESIDENT'S GIRL FRIEND"

Continued from page twenty-nine

summer, had skied with him in the winter. She said this as though people didn't swim in the summer and ski in the winter. As though it was important.

She wasn't very respectful of her mother, either, this girl. She referred to her as a hot stove, against which snowflakes melted.

"Do you follow me?" she asked.

"No," said Mary, politely.

The girl sighed. "I suppose not. You see, my mother is a very charitable woman. She is very proud of it."

"She should be," said Mary. "It was nice of her to ask about my bones."

"**Y**es. And, furthermore, she'll have you pensioned. Do you want to be pensioned? To sit around, twiddle your thumbs for the rest of your life, owing to my mother's charity?"

Mary thought of sitting around and twiddling her thumbs for the rest of her life. She wouldn't like that a bit. Her thumbs would hurt

at the joints: they often did without twiddling, even. And the thought of leaving Harden House, with its warm, red-carpeted corridors, its Mr. Stones, Mrs. Van Slykes, Miss Robinsons, the Hubert Smythes, was appalling. She was too old for a change now.

"Of course not," she said. "Very kind of your mother, but, no."

"Of course not! You like your life — I'd like to try living my own. My mother is very sweet and good — if you let her live your life, tell you what you should do, who you should marry, where you should live and how. But — cross her, try to live your own life — and you'll find her cruel and sadistic."

Mary didn't know what sadistic meant, but she was more certain now this girl was cracked. That lovely, soft-voiced woman cruel? Impossible!

"Yes, Miss," she said, falling back on that discreet defense known to all hotel employees, "Yes, Miss."

"Then I can depend on you?" the girl said. "Not to repeat anything

you heard me say over the phone today?"

"Of course, Miss," said Mary, soothingly. "Did I tell you what the President said when I walked into his suite?" She'd already said it twice before, but she said it again, anyway.

"So," Phyllis repeated, "I can depend on you not to say anything?"

"**O**f course," said Mary, who wanted to get back to more important things, like her bones, and the aches in them.

"Thanks," said the girl gratefully. "Thanks, ever so much." She laughed a little shakily. "If the President of the United States can trust you, I guess I can."

The girl was silly, too, Mary thought. As though her making a date with a young man could be compared to what the President said to his ministers, or whatever they were.

Besides, who would think of even asking her about it? Downright silly, Mary thought.

She thought so because she didn't know Mrs. W. Latimer Lee, or that lady's espionage system.

At nine-thirty that night Mary was sent to Mr. Boardman's office. Mr. Boardman was there, also Mr. Murphy, the assistant manager, Mr. Glarman, the house detective, and the gentle, courteous Mrs. Lee, in dark furs and a sad expression.

"Hello, Mary," said the gentle, sad lady. "How are you?"

"Good," said Mary. "Except my bones. There's a storm coming up."

"That's too bad," the lady said. She really was a lovely, gracious lady, Mary thought.

"Mary," said Mr. Boardman, "remember going to Mrs. Lee's suite at five-fifteen this evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"About how long did you stay there?"

"A half hour — maybe a little longer," said Mary.

"Ah!" Mrs. Lee fairly beamed at Mary.

"At five-thirty-four a telephone call was made from there. Were you present?"

"Yes, sir."

"You heard a name mentioned? Perhaps a place?" Mr. Boardman pursued.

"Yes, sir." The words popped out even while Mary was remem-

bering, with a start. She'd been wrong. Apparently it was important, what she had heard.

"Good," said Mrs. Lee. "You'll be rewarded for this, Mary... Now, what were they?"

"I'm sorry," said Mary. "I can't tell you that."

For a moment, the kind gentleness vanished from Mrs. Lee's eyes, and a peculiar agate hardness flashed in its wake. The hardness was gone almost instantly.

"Why not?" she asked, gently.

"Who?"

"Your daughter, ma'am."

MR. LEE looked winningly at her. "Now, Mary, you can do yourself a great deal of good — financially — if you, ah, co-operate."

Mary drew herself up scornfully — and creakily. Bribery? To Mary Houlahan, the trusted friend of a President? It was an insult.

"I can't tell, ma'am." She was firm.

The agate look came back and lasted a moment longer. But, when Mrs. Lee spoke again, her voice was still honeyed —

Continued on page 37

NEW tiny diamonds of LUX

... give you
faster, richer suds

... leave sweaters better fitting

See what these wonderful new, tiny diamonds of Lux will do for sweaters! You've never seen anything just like them. They're so sheer, so tiny, shimmering, so white.

They're faster! Burst into suds at the touch of water! And they make abundant suds that

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These tiny diamonds do more for you, too—remove soil which other types of suds can't—leave things cleaner, fresher.

Use the new tiny diamonds of Lux for all washable woolens. This gentle care floats away soil without rubbing—leaves sweaters soft and fluffy, better fitting. So don't risk harsh washday methods. Get your new diamonds of Lux today! Anything safe in water is safe in this new Lux.



These new diamonds of Lux are another triumph of the world-famous Lever Laboratories

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Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

Just one more Girl - he's



Take only One* Hour Waving Time for your Permanent

If you've ever put your hair up in curlers, it's *that* easy to give yourself the NEW, IMPROVED RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. This salon-type home permanent is based on the same type of preparations used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon for luxurious, softer, lovelier waves. With it, you can set your hair in any style...from a sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. Ask to see the RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT at your favorite cosmetic counter—today!

*depending on texture and condition of hair—follow instructions

7 WAYS BETTER

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
2. One-third more waving lotion... more penetrating, but gentle on hair!
3. Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
4. Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave...non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.
7. Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.



ONLY
\$275
(plus 30¢ Fed. Tax)
REFILL, \$1.50,
(plus Fed. Tax)

WALLY'S WAGON



"How do you cook chow?" she wonders

What's Chow?

HERE it is October an' I'm just gettin' around to thankin' you for takin' all them recipe booklets back in May an' June.

Golly! I sure got a lot of nice letters. There was a couple though that floored me. In my booklet I said that good cookin' would keep your husband home at meal time. Well, a lady over in Ossining, N. Y., wanted to know how to keep her husband in after meal time. Well, Sing Sing's right there in Ossining, an' maybe she could make a deal with the warden.

Just the other night I came onto the answer. Ella Bullis, Jake's wife, dropped into the Wagon. "Ella," I ask her, "what kind of a system do you use to keep Jake home evenin's?"

"Oh," says Ella, "that's easy. I just leave him with the kids, like tonight, an' go out myself."

The other letter that had me hangin' on the ropes was from a gal in Texas:

"I have heard the boys talkin' about Army chow," she wrote, "an' I can't find out how to cook it." I said to myself, well, if she is serious, I'll take her serious. An' that same day a couple of jonesome, hungry-lookin' GI recruits dropped into the Wagon. I put it up to 'em.

THEY look at me like they thought I was nuts, an' one of 'em speaks up.

"You know what happens?" he says. "Us guys get homesick, an' that makes Army food taste lousy."

"But my brother was in the war," says the other kid, "an' he wasn't back home a week before he began to tell Mom what good chow the Army gave him! He was gettin' lonesome for the guys in his outfit."

"Well, boys," I tell 'em, "I guess I better tell the lady that 'chow' ain't a recipe. It's a state of mind. Maybe the Army ought to provide the groceries an' let Mother come along to provide the cookin' an' company."

The first kid shook his head. "The draft boards would go crazy tryin' to figure how to get guys out of such an army!"

—WALLY BOREN



Oh, my aching back!

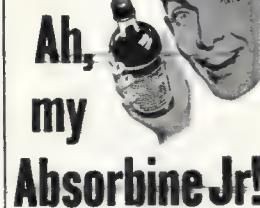


Here's fast relief...

● Ouch—how sore muscles can torment you, after unusual exercise! To help limber up fast—help Nature by rubbing famous Absorbine Jr. on those sore muscles!

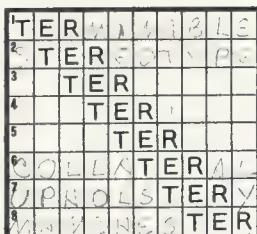
Tired muscles are often *famished* muscles. Your extra effort has burned up the nourishment required for activity. Absorbine Jr. stimulates your local circulation. This enables fresh blood to bring invigorating nourishment to the areas where applied. Pain eases, stiffness subsides . . . you'll say: "Ah! What relief!" Get a bottle of Absorbine Jr. today. At all druggists, \$1.25.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.





THIS WEEK'S
GLIDOGRAM



AAAA—B—CCC—EEEEEE—
HHH—I—I—I—LLLLL—MMMM—
—NNNN—OOOOOO—PP—
SSSSSS—TT—UU—YYY—ZZ

INSERT letters in such a way that the lines across will show:

- 1 That which may be ended
- 2 Metal plate from which printing is done
- 3 Opera by Richard Strauss
- 4 Obscure; uncanny
- 5 English philosopher and author (1874-1936)
- 6 Security for a loan
- 7 Interior fittings; padding
- 8 City in England

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE



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The finest Duz there ever was!

**SENSATIONAL
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**SENSATIONAL
CLEANING POWER!**

THE NEW DUZ CAN'T BE BEAT BY ANY SOAP ON EARTH AT GETTING OUT DIRT!



AND YET THE NEW DUZ IS SAFER FOR COLORS THAN ANY OTHER "BIG NAME" WASHDAY PACKAGE SOAP!



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ARE you too pale and peopless to be popular? Are your listless, languid ways depriving you of dates and romance?

If the answer is "yes," a blood condition may be to blame. Perhaps you have a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

This Borderline Anemia means that your red blood cells are too puny and weak to transmit all the energy your body needs. Results of medical surveys show that up to 68% of the women examined — as well as many men and children — have this tiring Borderline Anemia.

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So if this Borderline Anemia is stealing your energy and your color — take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are specially formulated to help build up faded red blood cells to healthy color and size — to help restore your vigor and vitality.

BORDERLINE ANEMIA why it can make you

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Blood that builds energy! This is how energy-building blood looks under a microscope. Here are big, plentiful red blood cells that can release vigor to all your body!



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Improved Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast TABLETS



LINDY shows radio's Jane Pickens a cheese specialty

★ ★ ★ ★ Cheesecake

Here's the recipe for a Broadway favorite, held secret till now

PROUD the cheesecake. It stands half a foot tall, it measures one foot across; its top is shiny as satin and baked to the gold of the frost-tinted oak. Trim and smooth are the sides. The knife slips through, it comes out clean. Fluffy, velvet-soft, the filling dry but not too dry, an extravaganza in richness. Cheese and eggs are the body and soul of its substance.

This is the Lindy cheesecake, a cake beloved by the Broadway celebrities, by all that conglomeration of people who go to Lindy's to feast. There's cheesecake for luncheon, it's an afternoon filler, starred as dinner dessert. But to see cheesecake full bloom, go around midnight when the theater crowds push in. It's then that the orders for cheesecake and coffee are as a refrain.

The Impossible Happened

SOME of course want chicken in the pot, some hanker for fillets of herring, buried in sour cream, mantled with onion rings. Take a count: three out of five who crowd Lindy's at midnight have a yen for the cheesecakes as Paul Landry knows so well how to make them.

Paul learned his pastry art in Switzerland as a lad and for 17 years now he has made the pastries for Lindy.

Mr. Lindy, full name Leo Lindeman, is a lovable, laughable, unpredictable little man, with a heart big as a ham. If he likes you he will give you virtually anything except the way of the cheesecake. Then the impossible happened. "Have a piece of the cherry cheese pie," he urged as we finished a wedge of cheesecake plain. "How about serving up the recipe?" we asked. It was our way of saying, "It's a wonderful cake." Mr. Lindy snapped his fingers for a waiter. "Call the baker," he ordered. "Call the baker," he ordered. From the hinterland of the

huge restaurant came little Paul.

He couldn't believe his ears; neither could we. The cheesecake recipe was being handed over by the big boss. We give it to you as Paul Landry gave it to us.

Lindy's Cheesecake

2½ pounds cream cheese
1¾ cups sugar
3 tablespoons flour
1½ teaspoons grated orange rind
1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind
Pinch of vanilla bean (inside pulp) or ¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
5 eggs
2 egg yolks
½ cup heavy cream

Combine cheese, sugar, flour, grated orange and lemon rind, and vanilla. Add eggs and egg yolks, one at a time, stirring lightly after each addition. Stir in cream.

Cookie Dough Mixture

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
Pinch vanilla bean (inside pulp)
1 egg yolk
½ cup butter

Combine flour, sugar, lemon rind and vanilla. Make a well in center and add egg yolk and butter. Work together quickly with hands until well blended.

Wrap in waxed paper and chill thoroughly in refrigerator, about one hour. Roll out ½ inch thick and place over oiled bottom of 9-inch spring-form cake pan.

Trim off the dough by running a rolling pin over sharp edge. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20 minutes or until a light gold. Cool. Butter sides of cake form and place over base. Roll remaining dough ½ inch thick and cut to fit the sides of the oiled band. Fill form with cheese mixture, bake in very hot oven (550°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Reduce temperature to slow (200°F.) and continue baking one hour. Cool before cutting. Yield: 12 portions. — CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

Catsup Lovers!

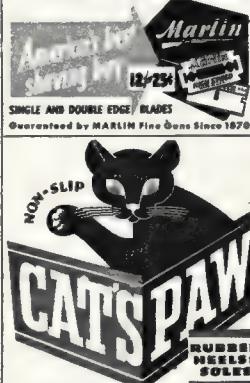
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Warmth flows evenly through entire pad. Temperature stays where you set it. Automatic. Dependable.

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O-CEDAR CORP.
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"THE PRESIDENT'S GIRL FRIEND"

Continued from page thirty-three

"You see, Mary, Phyllis needs careful watching. She is, ah, to put it bluntly — somewhat man crazy. You've no idea of the trouble I've had keeping her from making unfortunate alliances. Why, for years I've had to watch over her, guard her."

Mr. Murphy found himself adding — silently, of course — "... and spying on her and keeping her practically a prisoner." Mr. Murphy knew the type.

Mary said, "I'm sorry — no."

Something in her quietness convinced Mrs. Lee it was hopeless. She leaned back in her chair, drew the dark furs closer, and this time she let the agate look stay. "Fire her," she said coldly, to the two managers.

Mr. Boardman looked stunned. But Mr. Murphy had been expecting something of the sort.

He said, quietly — knowing it would do no good — "Mary's been here nearly thirty years, Mrs. Lee."

"Fire her," Mrs. Lee repeated sternly.

"At her age, she could hardly get another place," pointed out Mr. Murphy. He was curious as to how far the old sadist would go. He was positive now that's what she was. Strange that so many of the wealthy ones went in for good works — but, of course, it gave them the fullest opportunity of becoming victims to their wills.

MRS. LEE turned her hate-hardened eyes on him. "Fire her, I said!"

No sense in making a scene. Mr. Murphy shrugged, glanced at Mr. Boardman, who was forcing himself to remember that guests are never insulted at Harden House.

"You're fired, Mary," said Mr. Murphy.

It was the fourth time Mary had heard the word. It finally sank in when Mr. Murphy said it. She opened her mouth to say something — there was a rush of indignant, incoherent thoughts through her rusty old brain — something about having worked in Harden House for all these years, and if her friend, the President of the United States were still alive, they wouldn't dare —

She opened her mouth, but she

didn't say her thoughts. She said, "Yes, sir," with quiet dignity to Mr. Murphy, and crept out.

Of course, she wasn't fired. A half hour later, Mr. Murphy was explaining he wouldn't think of such a thing. But for a day or two, she'd be assigned to the sixth floor, until that — he used a characterization never employed of a Harden House guest, in the guest's presence — had left the hotel.

That's what he said. He said — "

"Yes, I remember," Mrs. Corley murmured. But Mary went on and told precisely the other dozen words that the President had spoken to her. And all about the personal letter from him. When Mary had finished, Mrs. Corley said gently, "You really don't remember me, do you, Mary?"

"The name," said Mary, "is very familiar, Mrs. — Mrs. — what is it again?"

She knew, the next day, that the guest in 929 had made an error. He, or she, had slipped a presumed dollar bill into an envelope and left it on the table, addressed to "Mary, the Chambermaid." But it wasn't a one-dollar bill. Not by a fantastic difference.

MARY, of course, turned the bill in at the front office. Mr. Murphy was highly pleased. Nothing is better for a hotel's reputation than to have a guest make an error like that, or leave his stuffed wallet, or her ring behind — providing it is found and promptly turned in. He immediately looked up 929's former occupant and wired a Mrs. H. G. Corley, of Shaker Heights, of her error. The wire also stated that Harden House was, of course, forwarding its check by mail. He expected that Mrs. Corley would be properly grateful, perhaps to even sending an appreciative note: or, at least, spreading the word among her friends of the remarkable honesty of Harden House employees.

Instead he got a cryptic wire: *Have made no mistake. Give Mary money and my regards.*

Mrs. H. G. CORLEY

He followed instructions, of course. He questioned Mary rather closely as to the reason for the staggering gift. But Mary couldn't explain. She said she had never heard of a Mrs. Corley in her life. And she grew a little indignant when Mr. Murphy said it must have been something she'd forgotten.

Her memory, she stated, was perfect. Why, she could remember, clear as day, every word that the President said to her — and that was nearly thirty years ago.

The End

One drop
of

TABASCO
works
wonders

For a hungry husband —

MACARONI au GRATIN TABASCO

To each 2 cups of cream sauce for Macaroni au Gratin, add 34 teaspoons of Tabasco. (Or add to milk, if you prefer it for this dish.)



THERE'S ONLY ONE TABASCO

'Here's how it helps in your cooking'

DIFFERENT from all other seasonings. Tabasco is made from rare peppers grown on famous Avery Island. Aged through 3 summers in oak casks, Tabasco is smooth and pungent. It tastes like a blend of many seasonings.

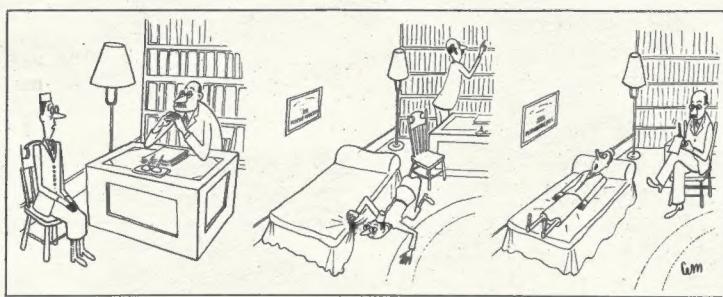
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When baby fusses because of
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... give Fletcher's Castoria!



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your cheerful child whines and wails . . . when he fusses because of "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's wise to know what to do. Give him Fletcher's Castoria.

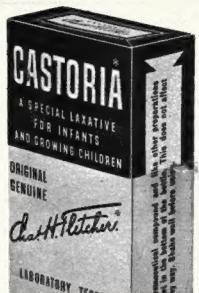
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Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

Charles H. Fletcher
The original and genuine
CASTORIA

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Beware
of Dry Skin

FROM ABOUT 25 ON the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Dry skin gets its start. Replace the oil that dry skin is losing—with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

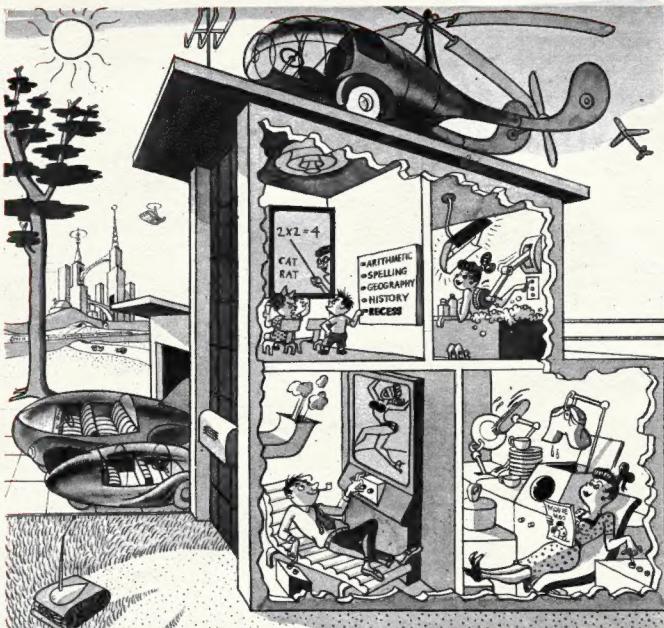
Three features make it extra-softening. 1. It is rich in lanolin—most like natural skin oil. 2. It

is homogenized to soak in better. 3. It has a softening emulsifier.

Every night—after cleansing, use Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously. Use lightly, under make-up, for day softening. Results will delight you.

"The loveliest cream for dry skin I've ever used . . ." says Mrs. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT.

Dry Skin? This is the Answer! Use this rich-in-lanolin cream every day for a week. See if this isn't the very best cream for dry skin you've ever used. Get your Pond's Dry Skin Cream, today!



ONWARD TO YESTERDAY

THEY promised us a shimmering heaven in the postwar world—a life of unbelievable ease filled with radar, pushbuttons and plastics. Cartoonist Ralph Stein, an incurable realist, presents two views of the subject: above, the dream; below, the unvarnished fact. Complains Mr. Stein: "Instead of two cars in the garage and television in every room, I've got three uncles in my bed, termites in the woodwork and a faded set of blueprints mildewing in the basement."

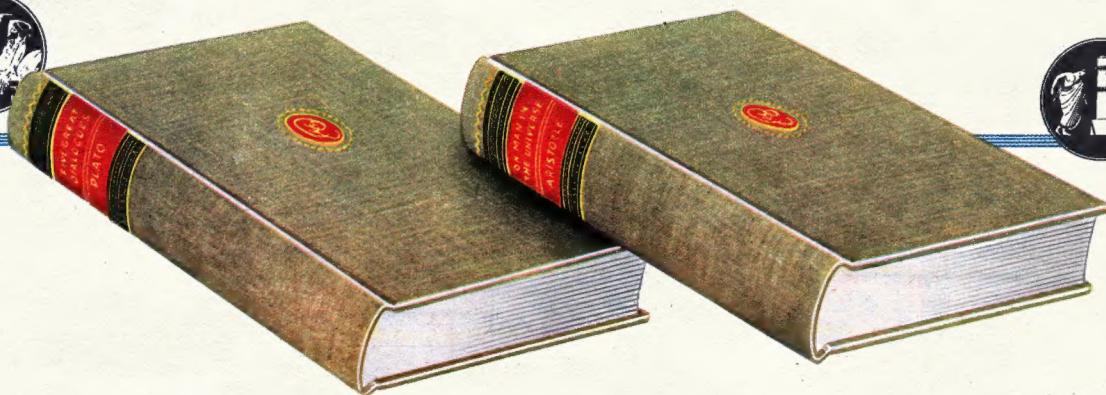
Drawings by Ralph Stein



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